OUR MONSTER IN BRAZIL GAYLE HUDGENS WATSON

THE NATION

JANUARY 15, 1977 60 cents

Amnesty For All

HISTORY, PRINCIPLE & THE YOUNG MEN INVOLVED

To Begin a New Life

PETER BROWNING

Looking Back to Dienbienphu

SAMUEL ISRAEL

What It Took to Desert

JACK COLHOUN

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LETTERS

freedom in the press

High Point, N.C.

Hear! Hear! for Joel Seligman's story, "Free Speech in the Work Place" [*The Nation*, Nov. 27]. The power that large institutions—corporations, military, schools and unions—have to destroy the freedom of speech is, indeed, awesome.

During a recent union organizing campaign at the *High Point* (N.C.) *Enterprise* where I work, we on the organizing committee discovered that company rules forbade us to distribute our own newspaper in the company parking lots. So here you had a newspaper, a supposed guardian of the First Amendment, trying to prevent its own workers from distributing their own anti-company newspaper.

We went ahead and distributed the newspapers anyway, hoping that the First Amendment, the Wagner Act, or something would protect us if we were fired. We still don't know if we have such protection, since the company backed down from enforcing its rule. . . .

We realized at the time that there was no way we could have written a critical newspaper and held on to our jobs if we had not been involved in organizing. None of the abuses publishing industry workers face—hearing loss and respiratory problems in press rooms, technological unemployment in all production departments, and arbitrary editing of a reporter's copy in order not to offend big advertisers—can be protested adequately by the people affected because the First Amendment has never been really enforced in the work place. American working people need guarantees of these basic rights. . . .

Bill Collins

we stand corrected

Cambridge, Mass.

I have long been a subscriber to *The Nation* and a regular contributor to the Nation Associates. At this moment, I prefer not to contribute. I am that unhappy with your editorial "Loose-Lipped General" [Oct. 30]. You have already printed a letter criticizing it in your issue of December 18. Your response indicated that you do not see anything wrong yet with the editorial. So leaving out some questions of content, let me just quote some of the words you used against General Brown: "idiocy," "weasel," "stupid," "dense and incorrigible blabbermouth."

I think you lost your temper. I don't think such words add anything to anyone's understanding. They turn off everyone except those readers already so firmly on your side that you don't need to say anything. I want to see a world with less hostility in it and will not contribute to a magazine moving toward greater hostility.

Of course, I agree that generals should not speak out in public on policy questions. But don't you see that in accusing General Brown of a "weasel's shift toward civility" you are scarcely being civil? Can you admit (in the magazine) that at least in that one sentence, you went overboard?

Richard M. Dudley

what is peace?

Bethany, Conn.

We have got to stop talking about Israel's intransigence and Israel's refusal to give up territory and rather concentrate on the fact that there is no agreement even in language as to what peace between Israel and the Arabs means. Sadat or al-Assad and the King of Saudi Arabia have never defined peace with Israel. The most you can get out of their remarks is cessation of warfare . . . which in the last analysis is a truce. Both sides must mean the same thing . . . then you will be surprised at what the Israelis, who are born negotiators, will do with respect to details. . . .

Jacob Podoloff

EDITORIALS

Keeping in Touch with Us

Governor Carter has let it be known that, as President, he fears the effect on him of stately isolation in the White House, separated from the people who put him there by all the traps and trappings of that great office. He therefore proposes to try to institutionalize a kind of informal access to people who are not just grinders of policy or bureaucratic axes. It even has a special mailbox (P.O. 2600, Washington, D.C. 20013) to which ideas on how it should work can be mailed.

Commendable as this idea may be, it is not an original one. At least as far back as the Caliphate of Baghdad (which ruled an empire some twelve centuries ago that was proportionally larger than the domain of our modern "imperial" Presidents), rulers have been busy inventing ways to cock an ear to the popular murmur. It is unlikely that the device President Carter hits on will be that of Harun al-Rashid, who would from time to time don a beggar's garb and go out in the streets to feel the figurative pulse of his people. The Secret Service, which keeps doubling its size, would scarcely permit such an escapade into our supermarket bazaars.

Carter, though, is addressing himself to a real problem. He is looking for a rapport that can come from no amount of opinion polls of the sort Lyndon Johnson used to keep in his hip, vest and breast pockets and flash at those who dared to question his policies. It is a sense of the people and their wants and moods which becomes an indigestible purée when strained through the ambitions, and prose, of the viziers who surround and insulate a President. One must assume, at least before he takes office, that Carter has a genuine impulse to know what the country wants from him, even if that impulse is called by the awful name of "outreach."

The problem is one of separating this good instinct from the mechanics of public relations. It is easy to imagine his flacks having President Carter revisit one of the humble American homes where he famously made his own bed after spending a primary campaign night (presumably his hostess did not change the sheets, on the ground that she and her family could later say "Carter slept here"). That would have the quality of instant phoniness when magnified by the giant lens of mass communications. Abraham Lincoln used to see people like the mothers of deserters all the time, and he learned from them, in the exercise of his pardoning function, not only how they really felt but about the ways in which the great powers he exercised actually affected them in their daily lives. No President can set out to imitate Lincoln and he would be a fool who tried. But something of Lincoln's ability to listen to people, and to put himself in their places in life, is perhaps transferable to one of his successors.

Rulers who aim to attune themselves to the hopes and fears of the people they govern are apt to hear only what will please them. In the case of Lincoln, he was listening for the deep chords produced by a period of intense national suffering. He therefore heard them, was moved by them, and acted on them in the most humane way.

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On the eve of his inauguration, one can only hope ıat Carter wills to hear significant strains from a troubled ıd anxious American people as he sets up his apparatus ɔr listening.

Not Just Peanuts

Attempts to institutionalize honesty in government are ıowing strength in the futures market, as they might put on Wall Street. Even Congress has been making glacial rogress toward putting a few sinews in its "ethics" com-ıittees, which have for years suffered gravely from sthenia.

Almost two weeks before taking office, President-elect 'arter propounded a set of standards, for himself and is principal aides, which goes far beyond the existing ıles that try to separate the public from the private ıterests of our public servants. It is so ambitious that will probably require the enactment of some new laws, 'hich means that the new forms of official virtue are not ɔr tomorrow.

Carter proposes to sterilize himself from any contami-ation by the peanut industry, in which he has made imself a modest tycoon. There will be a trusteeship that 'ill operate (and perhaps even sell) this principal asset f his. The proceeds from the booming sales of that ıstant best-seller *Why Not the Best?* will be added to ıe pot. A charitable foundation will be part of this arm's-ɛngth setup, and a library for his Presidential memo-abilia will be its beneficiary. For the chief federal officials 'ho will serve under him, the regulations on outside ıterests will be hardened. He has exacted a form of ontract from his Cabinet, to assure him that their only ıterest in office will be the public's.

All this is very formal and undoubtedly commendable. Vill it in fact produce the kind of disinterested and vir-ıous public service that Carter seeks for the federal 'stablishment, a seamlessly ethical garment? Without uestioning the motivation of this "reform," or even the etails of the Carter plan, one must entertain some doubts. 'hey are based on the history of similar efforts and on a 'ell-founded admiration for the ingenuity of the genus ɔrporate Man to find ways to slip through however ıely woven a mesh of ethical restraints.

The well-known "revolving door" of the regulatory gencies, through which regulators and the regulated easily pin to exchange roles while their interests remain almost dentical, can be degreased and even made to stick, but he side and back doors will still be there for those with bent for profiting from their government knowledge and ontacts. The system is almost impossible to keep clean, s the Landis report to John F. Kennedy in early 1961 ıade depressingly clear.

Without denigrating this new broom's intentions, we re left, then, with the thought that the public must finally ely on an old-fashioned form of protection—the char-ıcter and innate sense of honesty of the men and women vho will work in President Carter's executive branch. ɔo the public virtue he seeks to impose by rule and egulation will in the end depend much more on the udgment and skill Carter brings to the process of selec-ion of his principal assistants. As usual.

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The Skier Stumbles

President Ford's casual announcement that he favored statehood for Puerto Rico is a puzzle with respect to both timing and purpose. He tossed off this proposal three weeks before leaving office, knowing well enough that there was no time for Congress to do anything with it, that the people of our dependent Commonwealth are deeply divided on the question and that new states are usually admitted to this Union only after prolonged, insistent and nearly unanimous pressures for admission on the part of their people. But there are serious, and perhaps cynical, considerations back of this apparently offhand Presidential gesture.

Foremost among them is Puerto Rico's dismal economic situation, which has made increasingly evident the failure of "Operation Bootstrap," one of those economic "miracles" we are apt to bestow on our dependent allies (or, in this case, our colony). Disillusionment stemming from economic stagnation has fueled the burgeoning independence movement, as Alan Howard noted in *The Nation* (October 2, 1976). And the *independentistas* have benefited from the increasingly aggressive mood of the Third World, winning support from many national leaders and at the United Nations.

A business-oriented politician would naturally be alarmed by these developments. Because of Puerto Rico's special status, the United States has more investment there than in any other Latin American country, and a study commissioned by the Puerto Rican Government estimated that U.S. investors have earned up to a 60 per cent *annual* return on initial investment. But President Ford also had a political debt to pay. He and the Republican Party have always unofficially favored statehood, and have been linked to Romero Barceló's pro-statehood New Progressive Party (PNP). The PNP supported Ford in his nomination drive last year. Thus, although Romero Barceló refused even to discuss Puerto Rico's status in *his* election campaign, and was elected on bread-and-butter issues, Ford's statement amounted to a clear signal of good will toward the party's aspirations. Also, one of the arguments used by Puerto Ricans favoring Commonwealth has long been that the *gringos* would never admit the island as a state. Ford put a dent in that argument, to Romero Barceló's delight. And while neither he nor Romero has any intention of pushing for statehood soon, as shown by the late and offhand nature of his proposal, Ford's pronouncement was probably the first step in a campaign to get Americans used to the idea.

One other, more mundane matter may have influenced Ford. Reports indicate that there is oil to be found off Puerto Rican shores. With the island a Commonwealth, ownership of the oil and control over leases lie with the Puerto Rican Government. Were the island a state, the federal government would own and control the oil. Independence for Puerto Rico, of course, would wrest the stuff from us, except insofar as U.S. oil companies controlled production and distribution.

Independence, however, is probably only a dream—if an attractive one, in our view. It is hard to imagine that we will ever let Puerto Rico go. An American Government which cannot yet bring itself to loosen its grip on the increasingly unimportant Panama Canal will hardly permit the breakaway of this large and populous island. Our policy makers will forever be haunted by the specter of Cuba—forgetting that we need not have "lost" that country had we not long nurtured corruption and repression there. All the official impulses, then, will be to tie Puerto Rico ever closer to the American national interest, judged in purely strategic terms. Should prolonged economic crisis make the independence movement a real danger, it would probably be suppressed—by military occupation, if necessary. Despite Mr. Carter's fine-sounding pledge to respect Puerto Rico's right of self-determination, the links between mainland and island are certain to be tightened in years to come—quite conceivably to the point of statehood, that ultimate embrace.

The Price of Conscience

It has always been the American hope that Presidents, when they take office, will somehow transcend the limitations of their natures and backgrounds—that "the office makes the man." We cling to that illusion despite all evidence. Again, as Governor Carter prepares to become President, unreasonable hopes for the chief magistracy are flourishing in the minds of millions of Americans.

Perhaps no group of citizens has more reason to hope for a transformation in a view expressed by Carter than the hundreds of thousands of young Americans who fell afoul of the military system because of the war in Vietnam. It is appropriate to consider this matter in a week, January 10-17, which has been declared a national total-amnesty week by various groups who support that policy and urge it on the President-elect.

Carter's views on this important question, as we know from his campaign, are that "pardon" is a better idea than "amnesty." He has gone wrong in defining the distinction between the two. In his first debate with Ford, as Peter Browning points out in this issue, Carter declared that he was against amnesty because "it means that you were right" (in resisting the draft or the military). It means no such thing, of course. It means a decision to forget, if not forgive, actions that ran against the declared interests of a state.

Carl Sandburg gave as good a definition as possible in writing about Lincoln's Proclamation of Amnesty and Reconstruction in 1863, a much more troubled period in the nation's history. " 'Amnesty,' " he wrote, "was an old word that meant overlooking something as though it no longer were, as though it couldn't be seen, as though it had been wiped out into oblivion, as though it had been pardoned, erased, changed into nothing." The burden of Lincoln's amnesty was that something so terrible had happened in that rebellion, both to individuals and to the body politic, that the only possible course for the state was to act as if that military and political disaster had never happened.

Is it too much to say that Vietnam was such a catastrophe, entailing such consequences? In the Civil War millions of people in a whole section of the country (which happens to be Carter's) were involved in resistance to the state. The war in Vietnam left in its wake a mere 800,000 men whose resistance to it, in one form or another, had

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put them under a legal cloud, gravely disadvantaged in the struggle of life. Some of them are called deserters, of whom an infinitesimal number quit under fire. Others are called draft evaders. By far the largest number are those whose resistance brought them less than good-conduct discharges, and these men, being by and large the least advantaged in wealth and education, now have this additional handicap in finding jobs.

It is estimated that the "pardon" program which Carter has said he would proclaim in his first week in office would affect only 4,400 men—half of 1 per cent of those who would be sprung from their made-in-Vietnam trap if a total amnesty wiped the slate clean. Carter has said that he is troubled by the fact that most amnesty programs that have been proposed would fail to reach the men who had lacked the access to money and educational opportunities that would have enabled them to use such escapes from the system of "justice" as exile in Canada or Sweden. That is a nice egalitarian approach to the problem, but it is no solution.

We would advance two more arguments in this plea to the President-elect to think again about an inclusive amnesty and not to be bound by his campaign positions. One of them is practical and the other moral. On the practical side, the military leadership of this country naturally fears the effect a "soft" approach might have on a draft in some future war. What kind of armed service will we have, they ask, if those who are called to the colors refuse to serve? The answer to that, except for bullies and chauvinists, is that this kind of nation cannot successfully fight wars that a substantial minority believes to be unjust. (Carter himself, it might be noted, who supported the Vietnamese adventure through 1972, has said, upon reflection, that there was a "racist" character to it and that the war was a mistake.)

As to the moral side, we recommend to Carter that he consider the implications of the Nuremberg trials and the political doctrines that were their result. It was established in the cases of the Nazi war leaders that blind following of orders provided no final excuse for brutal and "illegal" acts. The Nazis who survived Hitler, we judged, should not have obeyed him. The moral consequence of that judgment was to encourage soldiers to think independently in situations of violence and to weigh for themselves the reasons for and consequences of their actions. Many young Americans did just that about the Vietnamese War, and they are paying the price for it to a state that marches to a different drummer, one not heard at Nuremberg.

As he weighs both the practicalities and the moralities of the great decision he must make, we commend to him the modest words of Abraham Lincoln in his message to Congress recommending the 1863 Proclamation of Amnesty and Reconstruction: "While the mode presented is the best the executive can suggest, with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable." If Carter could weigh his past words on the subject with similar gravity and modesty, he just might come out right on the question of amnesty for most American victims of that bad war —for them, for himself as President and human being, and for the United States.

Savage 'Cure'

A suit now plodding through federal court may have a profound effect—if the decision comes down as hoped—on conditions for inmates of the federal prison system. It was brought by the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union, and demands the closing of the Control Unit Treatment Program, a notorious behavior-modification experiment at the maximum-security penitentiary at Marion, Ill.

The long-term Control Unit cells at Marion house seventy-two inmates, brought from all over the country because they are considered by authorities to be the most intractable in the federal prison system. By isolating these prisoners and imposing a system of rewards and punishments that theoretically allows them to work their way back into the general prison population, the Control Unit is supposed to improve their behavior and attitudes. Prisoners who wind up in the unit, say the authorities, are those who are dangerously aggressive. Not so, say the prisoners and the ACLU. They claim the program is used to suppress jail-house lawyers, prison activists and Black Muslims—anyone, in short, not sufficiently docile.

The Control Unit cells measure 9 by 11 feet. Prisoners are confined in them, alone and cut off from any contact with other prisoners for all but half an hour in every twenty-four. Opportunities to work and study are regarded as privileges to be earned; according to the National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers, only eleven of the seventy-two men are allowed to work. Contrary to practice elsewhere in the federal prison system regarding segregation cells, prisoners at Marion receive "indeterminate" stretches in the Control Unit, and may remain there for as long as two years. Visits, mail and reading matter are sharply restricted. The isolation can drive men insane. One of the prisoners aptly described it: "Living in the Control Unit is impossible for a free person to understand. The only way you could understand it is to go into your bathroom, lock the door, lie down in the bathtub and stay there for three years."

The program first made news in early 1976, when a series of alleged beatings led to Congressional demands for an inquiry. By all accounts, the internal investigation that followed was a whitewash—and now further reports of beatings and political repression are coming from Marion. In December the Black Cultural Society, which had sponsored the few black functions that were permitted within Marion, was disbanded and its leaders banished to the Control Unit. (About 80 per cent of the men in the program are members of minority groups; that is exactly twice the percentage of minority representation in the overall Marion population.)

The ACLU Prison Project suit charged that there is no sound correctional basis for the Marion Control Unit, and that it should be permanently closed. The Prison Project also is agitating for Congressional hearings on segregation cells throughout the federal prison system, some of which, astonishingly, are reported to be worse than those at Marion. It is to be hoped that the judge's decision in the suit, expected this spring, will favor the ACLU and will spur Congress to eliminate at least this one abuse from our generally barbaric prisons.

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Cold War: Zealots & Revisionists

Carl Marzani

Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time,* and the subsequent Diana Trilling-Little, Brown brouhaha, have stirred up a cloud of recriminations. James Wechsler in *The New York Post,* Nathan Glazer in *Commentary,* Irving Howe in *Dissent,* William Phillips in *Partisan Review,* Hilton Kramer, Alfred Kazin and Arthur Schlesinger in *The New York Times* are all crying foul. Revisionists, they say, distort the foreign and domestic policies of the Truman era (1945-53), obscure the origins of the cold war and of the concomitant witch hunts, and disparage the role of those liberals like themselves who supported Harry Truman. They are particularly incensed by Hellman's statement in support of Truman's antagonists: "Whatever our mistakes, I do not believe we did our country any harm. And I think they [the cold-war liberals] did. . . . But none of them, as far as I know, has stepped forward to admit a mistake." (Hellman's knowledge is at fault here; at least two cold-war liberals did step forward: Murray Kempton in 1962 and Father Charles Rice who organized the Catholic Association of Trade Unionists and who, in 1966, publicly regretted his role in splitting the United Electrical Workers union.)

One may well ask: what's all the fuss about? All this happened a quarter of a century ago. The fire of the past is gone; let the embers die.

But wisdom, said a philosopher, is discovering the truth in platitudes, one of which has it that those who do not understand their past are condemned to repeat it. The American public, shaken by Vietnam, Watergate and the revelations of FBI and CIA crimes, seeks to understand its past. Hence it is receptive to cold-war revisionism—which Kramer chooses to see merely as a fashion ("radical chic"), Glazer as a function of the generation gap ("young historians . . . calling us to account"), and Phillips as a taste for vulgarization ("to make the complexities of the past more palatable").

The issues are presented with great fairness by a young Harvard historian, Daniel Yergin, who is an admirer and defender of Harry Truman. Writing in *The New York Times Magazine* of October 24, he says: "A 1962 poll of historians puts Truman among the 'near great' Presidents. A 1976 poll would give a very different outcome. Today, he has become more a subject of their searing critiques than of celebration. The charges are heavy—starting the cold war, squandering the New Deal heritage, opening the door to McCarthyism."

These charges fall with particular weight on the cold-war liberals because *they* were not (or were not supposed to be) politicians; they were thinkers, teachers and writers who should have known better—and many did know better, especially on the issue of civil liberties. Kramer's defense is too simple: "What has been swamped in the new wave of revisionism . . . is the liberal view that regarded *both* Stalinism and the blacklist as threats to democracy."

The assertion is, at best, a half-truth. The revisionists are not attacking the liberal view as propounded by Kramer; they are attacking its use as a cover to proscribe those Americans—Communists and non-Communists alike—who opposed the Truman Doctrine, the cold war and its concomitant witch hunts. The distinction is important.

There were many individuals who did uphold the liberal view, who did reject both Stalinism and McCarthyism, but who did *not* join in the mindless anti-communism of the cold-war liberals. On the contrary, they defended the victims. They were the best of the liberals: Carey McWilliams and I.F. Stone among the journalists; Profs. Alexander Meiklejohn, H.H. Wilson, Henry Steele Commager, Thomas Emerson among the academics; Osmond Fraenkel, Arthur Hays, William Kunstler among the lawyers; Eleanor Roosevelt, Harold Ickes, Aubrey Williams, Rep. Adolph Sabath among the New Dealers. . . . To stop is invidious; to continue boring. The list is a substantial one. Unfortunately, these people constituted only a tiny minority of the mass of the people who identified themselves as liberals.

The cold-war liberals are being criticized by the revisionists not because they were liberals but because they were not liberal enough. They betrayed their own standards and dishonored the liberal tradition. Instead of arguing out ideological differences in the marketplace of ideas, they helped create a climate wherein an authoritarian government could stamp out dissent by the use of the FBI, loyalty oaths, inquisitorial committees. Sen. Joseph McCarthy used a powerful political weapon: he equated treason with communism and communism with liberalism. It was a despicable equation, but—and this was worse—one whose operative part had been fashioned before McCarthy by Prof. Sidney Hook. In July 1950 Hook published his famous "liberal" essay, "Heresy, Yes, Treason, No!" No traitor was ever found, but hundreds of dissenters went to jail; thousands and tens of thousands lost their jobs or had their lives ruined.

The Truman era did pave the way for McCarthy. Yergin, though he exonerates Truman of any McCarthyite intent (a charge no revisionist has made), nevertheless agrees that the loyalty oath program and the Attorney General's list were "equally odious. . . . They trampled upon basic constitutional rights. They were the tools of propaganda and purge, not of due process. They gave a virtual legal force to the smear and the innuendo . . . [and] did help to legitimize the more far-reaching attacks that followed on civil liberties." The cold-war liberals supported Truman and his programs, and must bear a significant degree of responsibility for the consequences (however unintended). They *did* harm our country.

It is still the basic argument of the cold-war liberals that the erosion of civil liberties was due to the existence of Communists and their sympathizers. "Without Stalinism," says Kramer, "there would have been no McCarthyism and no blacklist." None of Kramer's familiars would dare use such an argument (though Howe comes perilously close), but they all argue that Stalin started the cold

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Carl Marzani is a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, and the author of We Can Be Friends: The Origins of the Cold War *(1952; reprinted in 1971 by Garland Publishing), which he describes as the first revisionist history of that conflict.*

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war and Truman, on the defensive, had to mobilize the country and isolate his opponents, even though, regrettably, civil liberties suffered. Since the revisionist historians have challenged that view and argue that the cold war was more an American than a Russian creation, the cold-war liberals, logically and properly, attack historical revisionism. Says Phillips: "Revisionist history, with its one-sided politics and simplified morality, must make the complexities of the past more palatable."

The implications of Phillips's statement are that previous Establishment history had not been one-sided, had not simplified events. But if such were the case revisionist historians could not have made the headway they are undeniably making. The reason for their advance, given by Yergin, is: "Rich archives were opening to historians, enabling them to look differently at events." (Mr. Glazer, amusingly enough, while complaining of the flow of revisionist histories, adds that "the flow will increase now that new laws and rules affecting the release of confidential government reports leads to an ever greater volume of materials for scholars to examine.") If revisionists today "dominate the historical literature," as Yergin puts it, they do so because they have a larger degree of historical truth on their side.

The Truman era will be seen more and more clearly as further archives are opened, both ours and those of our opponents. (Italian Communists have already opened theirs, and the Soviet Union is just beginning.) But enough has emerged to prove conclusively Herbert Hoover's charge in 1952 that the Truman administration "propagandized a war psychosis." Even Kissinger has admitted as much. The best one can say for Truman has been said by Yergin: that he was "not so much a hero or a villain as a victim—of circumstances, of misperceptions and of limitations, his own as well as others'."

Most revisionist historians, including this writer, would be willing to go along with that verdict. No one has ever accused Mr. Truman of having had an abnormally high I.Q. As for the cold-war liberals, the verdict is apt to be harsher, for no one has accused them of lacking brains. □

AMNESTY FOR ALL

To Begin a New Life

PETER BROWNING

In their first debate, Ford and Carter were asked how they proposed to deal with draft evaders and deserters from the war in Vietnam. President Ford, whose clemency program enticed less than 20 per cent of those eligible, had nothing new to offer. "I think we gave them a good opportunity," he said. "I don't think we should go any further."

Mr. Carter replied that he advocated pardon for draft evaders, but that he opposed amnesty because "it means that you were right." Of course the word "amnesty" has nothing to do with right or wrong. One need but consult a dictionary to learn that amnesty means forgetfulness, oblivion, an intentional overlooking and pardon for past offenses by the ruling authority.

President Ford's Clemency Board estimated that 113,300 men were eligible for the clemency program. Fewer than 22,000 applied, leaving some 91,500—a group that is dispersed, ill-organized and has no leverage. Its members can only wait, for an indeterminate period, to learn what will be done with them—or to them. They are in limbo, but so, in a sense, are we all. The question of whether we are to have amnesty or vengeance, pardon or penance, will not disappear. Ignoring it merely insures that it will continue to fester, to exacerbate emotions, to keep alive old arguments and antagonisms that are better forgotten. And to what end? Why, to the only end possible: to perpetuate the anger, bitterness and despair engendered by the most divisive war in our history.

It is instructive to consider the historical record of amnesty and pardon in the United States. Washington was the first to exercise the Presidential power of pardon. In 1795 he granted a "full, free, and entire pardon" to all those who had participated in the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. In 1799 a vest-pocket revolt in Bucks County, Pa., was directed against federal tax assessors who were surveying homes and property for the direct tax on real estate. David Fries, leader of the revolt, was found guilty of treason and sentenced to be hanged, but he and the other insurrectionists were pardoned by John Adams.

Presidents Jefferson and Madison proclaimed pardons for deserters from the Army, with the provision that they must return to duty. Madison issued three such proclamations: two in 1812 and another in 1814, which would seem to demonstrate the extent of the problem in that earlier unpopular and unsuccessful war.

There is no war in our history directly comparable to the one in Vietnam: a foreign war that many citizens regarded as unjust. By the end of that war, it seems certain, a majority of Americans had turned against it, either out of conviction or weariness. The World Wars were popular, in that most Americans thought they were right and necessary. Nevertheless, they produced some thousands of draft evaders and deserters. During World War I Congress passed the Espionage and Sedition Acts, probably the most extreme legislation we have ever had that was designed to enforce patriotism and prevent criticism of the government. The Espionage Act stipulated a fine of $10,000 and imprisonment of up to twenty years for interfering with the draft or encouraging disloyalty. The Sedition Act provided the same penalties for, among

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other things, using "disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language" about the government, the Constitution, the flag, or the uniform. More than 1,500 people were convicted under these laws, the Socialist leader Eugene Debs among them.

President Harding commuted Debs's sentence at Christmas time in 1921. In December 1923, President Coolidge pardoned those convicted under the Espionage Act for opposing the government and the draft, but the pardon applied to only thirty-one prisoners. It was not until December 1933 that President Roosevelt issued the last proclamation having to do with those convicted under the Espionage and Sedition Acts. Roosevelt restored civil rights to about 1,500 people, but all of them had already completed their prison terms. No amnesty or pardon was ever declared for those who escaped arrest or left the country to avoid prosecution.

The record after World War II is equally spotty and inconclusive. President Truman issued a proclamation on Christmas Eve, 1945 (it's remarkable how Presidents have an instinct for a certain type of Christmas communication), restoring the rights of citizenship to ex-convicts who had served in the military for at least a year and had been honorably discharged. Conscientious objectors and those convicted of violating the draft laws were excluded.

On December 23, 1946, Truman created an Amnesty Board to review the cases of those convicted under the Selective Service Act. The board recommended against a lenient attitude toward entire classes of offenders, and determined that there should be a case-by-case review.

Though the board was established to consider amnesty —or pardon or clemency—it recommended amnesty for no one and its main thrust was punitive, with a decision of clemency in only 10 per cent of the cases. (Clemency is an imprecise word. It means showing compassion and mercy in judging or punishing, but it is relative to what went before. The grantor of clemency may feel generous and forgiving, while the recipient may feel harshly used.) The categories of people offered pardons were: religious conscientious objectors, draft evaders who later had honorable service in the military, those who were guilty due to ignorance (one would like to know how the board determined *that*), and Nisei. The board decided that the Nisei should be let off the hook because before being forcibly removed from their homes they had been loyal citizens, and they had "deeply resented classification as undesirables."

Given the complexity of the issues involved—religious beliefs, pacifism, even the *degree* of moral objection to war—the results of the board's handling of more than 15,000 cases were predictable. But more to the point, the board's decisions could not have been otherwise because they were not intended to be. However much President Truman and his Amnesty Board might have believed in their professed purpose, the reality was that they would bend only enough to rectify the most blatant cases of injustice. As for the rest, the board carried in its pocket a verdict of guilty—whatever the evidence might be.

President Truman, on the board's recommendation, granted 1,523 pardons on December 23, 1947. More than 1,500 other people had been pardoned—or would be when they were discharged from the military—under the 1945 proclamation.

I have saved discussion of the Civil War for last, as it is in some important respects similar to the war in Vietnam. We tend to think of the Civil War as having been waged in a patriotic and romantic haze: the brave boys going off to battle to the lilt of those stirring songs. What is usually forgotten or ignored—because it does not fit the romantic myth—is that large numbers of people on both sides were opposed to the war, and that thousands of men did their best to avoid serving in the armies.

Draft evasion in the North was widespread. Then, as during Vietnam, Canada was the place to go. The exodus became so great that President Lincoln decreed "no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia shall be allowed to go to a foreign country." In August 1863, the writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended for those who left their state or county to avoid the draft. If caught, they would be put into the Army at once, with no formalities. Desertion was always heavy. Toward the end of 1862 about 200 men a day were deserting from the Army of the Potomac. The rate of desertion from the Union Army reached its peak in 1864, with a monthly average of more than 7,300. While the war was still on, Lincoln issued two proclamations that were aimed at deserters, granting them amnesty if they would return to military duty and serve out their time.

After the war there seemed to be neither the capacity nor the desire to pursue and prosecute evaders and deserters, and nothing was done. Lincoln's attitude toward Southerners was perhaps more lenient than the North's methods of dealing with its own men. He understood the necessity of restoring full citizenship to all those millions in the South. On December 8, 1863, Lincoln offered a full pardon, with restoration of property rights (except slaves), to most Confederates if they would take an oath of allegiance to the United States. The Confederate leaders and some other categories were excluded from this offer, but Lincoln had opened the way to reconciling the two parts of the nation when the war should be over.

Lincoln issued a similar proclamation on March 26, 1864, and when Andrew Johnson became President he continued and enlarged upon what Lincoln had begun. He issued amnesty proclamations in May 1865, September 1867, and July 1868, each with fewer exclusions than the previous one. Only one category was still excluded by July 1868: those under indictment for treason or felony, an exclusion aimed specifically at Jefferson Davis.

Johnson issued a final proclamation on December 25, 1868, eliminating even that exclusion and granting "unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who, directly and indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution. . . ."

Johnson, noting the exceptions and conditions of the previous proclamations, said that because the federal government had re-established its authority in all the

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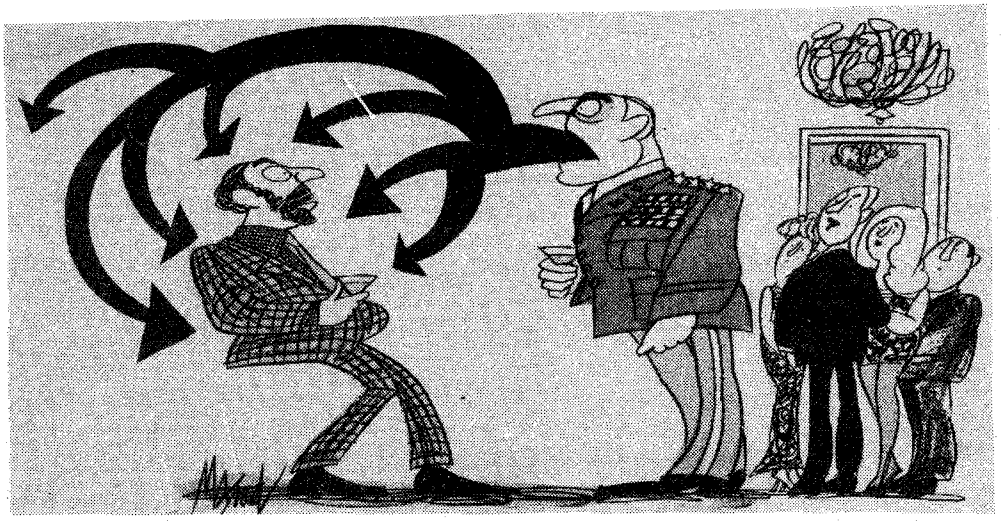

Punch

"Discussing the U.S. Withdrawal from Vietnam, I Believe."

states and territories, these reservations were no longer needed. In words that are relevant to our own time, Johnson said that a universal amnesty would "tend to secure permanent peace, order, and prosperity throughout the land, and to renew and fully restore confidence and fraternal feeling among the whole people, and their respect for and attachment to the National Government, designed by its patriotic founders for the general good."

This magnanimous, far-sighted proclamation may well have been Johnson's most courageous act. He recognized the futility and inhumanity of attempting to do "justice" in hundreds of thousands of individual cases. He also had the sense to understand that the Union could not be made whole if the North were to revenge itself upon the South. For more than a century we have suffered from the inherited passions of the Civil War. It takes little imagination to realize how much worse it might have been had we first agonized through a series of trials for treason or war crimes, resulting in imprisonment, confiscation of property, and loss of citizenship.

President Ford's clemency program stands in sorry contrast to the humanity and vision of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson. His Clemency Board could recommend outright pardon, various periods of alternative service, or denial of clemency. Unconvicted draft offenders were handled by the Department of Justice, fugitive AWOL offenders by the Department of Defense; none of the men in these categories was denied clemency, but neither were any granted outright pardon. All had to perform alternative service—most of them for more than a year. Of the 21,729 men who applied for clemency, the only ones who wound up with clean records were the 688 civilians in the Justice Department's program. The 5,527 AWOL men handled by the Defense Department were immediately given undesirable discharges. If they completed alternative service they received "neutral" clemency discharges. But that isn't honorable, and the recipients have been neutralized all right: they still don't get veterans' benefits. The Clemency Board detected a distinct improvement, however. A survey found that only 40 per cent of employers would discriminate against a man with a clemency discharge, whereas 75 per cent would discriminate against a man with an undesirable.

The Clemency Board itself handled the cases of deserters who had been discharged from the military after being caught, and convicted civilian draft offenders. Those who receive pardons, either outright or after a term of alternative service, still do not have clean records. A civilian's civil rights were restored but his records were not sealed. Though he met all the conditions imposed by the Clemency Board, he did not rid himself of the stigma of a felony conviction. The discharged deserters could earn both a pardon and a clemency discharge, so that they too became entitled to a lesser degree of discrimination.

In all, 911 men (6.3 per cent of those who applied) were denied clemency. They, and the 91,500 who didn't apply, may still appeal to the United States Pardon Attorney and the military discharge review boards, but in the Clemency Board's own words, "their prospects for relief are, realistically, remote."

Behind Ford's program was the assumption that justice had been determined, and that those who knew what it was also knew how to apply it. For anyone who has the stomach for dismal, depressing reading, I recommend the *Report to the President* of the Presidential Clemency Board. Browse through it, and before you have gone far you will think that you have chanced upon a proposal for a Rube Goldberg industrial device designed to process human beings. They are analyzed, measured, categorized, and judgment is passed upon them. You can read about the "peak production phase," "pipeline inventory analysis," "consistency audit," and the "aggravating factors" (twelve of them) and the "mitigating factors" (sixteen of those). There are hundreds of condensed case histories, each intended to illustrate some nit-picking point. The sum of all these histories is an organized chaos: a vast moral confusion wherein the victims of chance and circumstance are sliced fine in a procedure admirably suited to sorting and grading vegetables. The Clemency Board members obviously thought that, because they standardized their criteria, employed the appropriate management techniques, and fed the whole mess into a computer, they were not only right but must be doing well—if not good.

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The men most likely to be denied clemency were those whose lives were already in shambles: men who should have been granted clemency on the obvious ground that they *need* clemency. The board's application of mitigating and aggravating factors guaranteed a radical bias against "bad" boys and in favor of "good" boys. The effect was that those who were down and out were treated to a swift kick, as though to insure that they would stay down.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written and spoken, presenting the ethical and legal arguments for and against pardon or punishment. The positions have hardened: no converts are being made on either side. Much of the argumentation sounds like a study in comparative moralities. Was it more moral to have gone to Vietnam to fight because you thought your country was defending South Vietnam against aggression, or more moral to refuse to serve because you thought your country was engaged in an unjust and unprincipled war? If nothing more is done to resolve the status of draft evaders and deserters, we shall be condemned to this moral struggle for the rest of our lives—and with luck we'll be able to foist the struggle onto succeeding generations. There will be no end to it.

But I do not want to harp on this debilitating wrangle. I think no good can come of it. The general public in the United States, either due to short memory or to instinct for a practical solution, has chosen to forget the war in Vietnam. We, as a nation, have made a tacit decision not to prosecute anyone—civilian or military—for war crimes. The William Calley experience was wearing enough—and fruitless.

There remain the evaders and deserters, as well as more than 700,000 other men who received discharges that are less than honorable. These latter have difficulty finding jobs, and do not receive veterans' benefits. They have been made into second-class citizens, most of them for actions that in civilian life would be misdemeanors, if that. Unless they are able to "upgrade" their discharges, they will be permanently branded. Their only recourse is to appeal to a military review board composed of high-ranking officers, who have a record of rejecting about 85 per cent of the appeals.

All of these—the evaders, the deserters, the exiles in Canada and other countries, the bad-paper veterans, those who were wounded and killed in Southeast Asia—all of these are victims of the war. To continue punishing some of these men in the name of justice is a mean-spirited, shameful course of action.

If President Carter is sincere in his professed desire to unite the nation, there is one essential action he must take: he must proclaim a general amnesty. It should include not only opponents of the war but its proponents as well: the political leaders who got us into it, and the military leaders who waged it with such fervor.

In the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the first example given of the use of the word *amnesty* is dated 1592. There can be no better definition of what amnesty entails and what it is meant to achieve.

To treade all underfoote that hath gone heretofore, with a perpetuall amnesty, and to begyn a new lyfe.

Looking Back to Dienbienphu

SAMUEL ISRAEL

Brenda and I had hoped for a glimpse of the New York skyline. But as our plane banked for landing, all we saw were the same dark, gray clouds that had stretched across the Atlantic. As the plane neared the ground we saw row after row of ticky-tack houses. America.

The flight had taken eight hours. We were both exhausted and not looking forward to the additional six-hour flight to Vancouver, B.C., our home. The layover in New York would be two hours; long enough to have a brief reunion with my parents and pick up some parcels they were holding for us.

Earlier in the flight I had mentioned to Brenda that I might be detained at the airport because I was a Selective Service violator. We decided that, although the possibility existed, it probably would not happen. It would be ridiculous to arrest a man now that the war was over, and the draft had been abolished. There had even been a token "pardon." Why would anyone bother? Besides, I'd flown into New York three years earlier and nothing had happened then. Finally, we thought that my Canadian citizenship would in some way help.

We stepped from the plane into an umbilical-shaped corridor, that wound its way to the arrival area, where I hoped for the most cursory check. Directly in front of us stood the immigration kiosks, looking like starting gates at a racetrack. To relax I tried a pleasantry or two on our examiner. He offered no response. Like a Grand Inquisitor, he thumbed his way through a massive book searching for the name of the sinner who stood before him. He penciled 1-4 on a card and directed my wife and me to a special office for further investigation.

I was cooked. I knew it; Brenda knew it; but neither let the other know until it was so obvious that we had to discuss what to do about it. A big man with a cigar came over to us and explained that Brenda was going but that I was being arrested and that the FBI would arrive soon to take me away. I asked to see my father, who was waiting in the visitors' area. My request was refused. However, I was allowed to use the bathroom.

Sitting on the toilet, I contemplated escape. If I ran, would some trigger-happy guard take a shot at me? Where would I go? I'd given Brenda all the money I had.

Samuel Israel is today in Vancouver, released on $20,000 bail and awaiting a call to return to the United States for trial, probably in February or March.

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I flushed the toilet and resigned myself to spending at least one night in jail.

By the time the FBI agents arrived I had been awake almost twenty-four hours. They didn't need a rubber hose to make me talk. I was babbling. I couldn't even remember my own address. After answering a few basic questions I was handcuffed behind the back and led out a side door to a waiting car. The trip to FBI headquarters seemed almost as long as the flight from Frankfurt. While the car inched its way down the highway I had a chance to ask some questions of my two escorts, Mr. Ruffles and Mr. Cross. Ruffles had once been a basketball coach and Cross had been in the Marines. They both seemed decent men and to their credit made the ordeal as pleasant for me as possible.

The FBI had an office in a building that was also part of Hunter College. We signed in at a desk in the lobby and took the elevator. I was led into a room that contained fingerprinting material and a camera. After being fingerprinted I leaned against a wall while the two men prepared the camera to take my picture. The most ferocious act of civil disobedience I could think of was to leave smudge marks from my ink-covered fingers on the wall.

After being photographed I was again questioned. Satisfied that I was who I said I was, they led me back downstairs for the ride over to the Manhattan House of Detention. I was in a stupor; everything had a surreal quality. I was taken into a cavernous reception area. It was like being in a cathedral: high ceilings and echoing footsteps and the quiet; it was so quiet. I was handed over to a jailer and told that in the morning two other agents would come and escort me to my arraignment.

The jailer passed me on to a trusty, whose job was to fingerprint me again and take another picture. But first I was told to strip, so the corrections officers (funny term, that) could see if I had anything concealed up my anus or beneath my testicles. At one point I was asked to lift my legs and show them the bottoms of my feet. I thought it an odd request, but I complied. I lifted one leg, but when they told me to lift the other I must have floated off. They had to scream at me to put down the raised leg, and show them the other foot. Afterward, they explained that they were looking for dope, which might be taped to the bottoms of my feet.

I was given special clothing and taken to the area where I would spend the night. At first I was very suspicious of anyone who offered me anything, but after awhile I grasped the comradeship that prevailed. Blacks, whites, Puerto Ricans—all mixed together; having a common enemy—were communicating beautifully. At eleven o'clock we were locked in for the night. The cells were small rooms, each with its own toilet and sink. There was a desk and reading lamp in every room. Once you were in your cell no one bothered you. A man could stay up all night reading if he wanted. It felt good to be lying down, but I couldn't sleep. The day's events kept whirling about in my mind. How did this happen? It all seemed so crazy. I just did not see myself as a criminal. To make some sense of the whole affair, I began looking back.

During the winter of 1950, the year of my birth, the United States was making moves in Southeast Asia that were fated to bring me into direct conflict with the military interests of the government. Even as I was being weaned the decision was made to support the French in their fight against the Vietminh. By the time I had learned to walk, the United States was paying more than one-third of the French war costs. In 1954 the National Security Council suggested that, should the French be defeated, the United States should step in and go for a military victory against the Communists. That very spring, four months before I entered kindergarten, the French were defeated at Dienbienphu. In 1956 the Americans refused to follow through with the Geneva Accords that called for elections, because they knew Ho Chi Minh would be elected. Instead, we sent troops and advisers to support the dictatorship of President Diem.

By 1960 the United States had been training troops of the ARVN for five years. That same year the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the Vietcong, was formed. I was eight years away from having to register for the draft.

Even then, Indochina was just a strange exotic spot that one read about in *The National Geographic*. About all I knew of those lands was that they were the setting for *The King and I*. It was not until President Diem and his brother were toppled and killed that Vietnam became part of my consciousness. That was also the year when I had my bar mitzvah.

Election year 1964. The Democrats held their convention in Atlantic City, my home town. President Johnson was quartered in a house only a few blocks from where I lived. I remember seeing him once—sitting in the back seat of his limousine, smiling and waving at the people, smiling and waving at me. Johnson won a mandate from the people as a "peace" candidate! Two years later he was smiling at the people again as he explained the Tonkin Gulf Resolution.

Shortly after the bombings in the North began, I met a fellow who was doing his best to stay out of the draft. Still a "true believer," I pointed out to him the necessity to save our country from the Communists. He then proceeded to give me a history lesson I had missed in school. He did not convert me on the spot, but I decided to do some research on my own. Meanwhile, my brother was drafted and sent to Thailand. One of his jobs included doing paperwork on the corpses being shipped home. Like most others my age I began to be caught up in the counter-culture and met more and more people who had turned against the war. Why billions for a war to keep a despot in power 10,000 miles away, and so damned little for hungry children in our deteriorating cities? We kept asking the question, but the government never answered. By the time I was graduated from high school I was a peacenik. I began looking for alternatives to the draft.

Being a nice, middle-class Jewish kid, the most logical deferment for me was a 2-S, given to those who attended college. In the fall of 1968, I set out for the University of Arizona at Tucson. But what I had not considered was that Arizonans, Barry Goldwater included,

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were not rednecked only because of the sun. The university had a policy of compulsory ROTC. Either you marched on the school parade ground, or in the swamps of the Mekong Delta.

The first meeting of the Army ROTC was held in a large auditorium, where several thousand freshmen gathered to be welcomed by the course commandant. He opened his address with these words: "We are here to instruct you in the arts of war." There was a pause. But before the speaker uttered another word, a great many students rose and walked out of the auditorium. I was one of them. That December I withdrew from the university.

In June of 1969 I had my first physical. I boarded the bus that would take me to the Newark Induction Center with a fully orchestrated plan to avoid the draft. It seemed as though everybody else on the bus had the same intention. Men who had never touched drugs in their lives were vomiting out the windows after having shot up heroin. There was another guy who was dressed in drag. At one point someone even started chanting *Hell No, We Won't Go.*

Upon arriving at the Induction Center we were ushered into a classroom for our intelligence tests. One of the Sergeants ordered me to take a seat in the first row. I refused. He raised his voice several octaves and threatened me with immediate induction. "I'm not in your army yet," I screamed back at him, "you can't order me about." They made me go and speak to the captain in charge. A few moments later I was able to sit where I wanted, my second act of civil disobedience completed.

For the most part the Army intelligence test was multiple choice. There was a separate sheet for answers. By filling in the answer sheet without reading the questions, I only just failed the test, but because I had been graduated from high school, the Army decided I was bright enough for them. There was still hope. I'd written down on a form that I was a drug user. At the time I didn't even smoke cigarettes. The psychiatrist was not on duty so I was sent to see a G.P. I managed to fool him into giving me a two-month deferment. I left the center with a sense of confidence that came to be my undoing.

When I arrived home I wrote a letter to a girl friend. The letter contained all the details of my war against the draft. One day I went up to my draft board to view my file. As I was reading through it I came across the words, "Dear Denise." Following that, came the blow-by-blow description of what happened the day of my physical. I grabbed up my file and waving it beneath the nose of the little old lady in charge of the office, I demanded to know how the letter came to be in my file. Apparently my girl friend's father had got hold of the letter and sent it to his local FBI, which forwarded it to my draft board. In August I was called up for another physical, and reclassified 1-A.

My next step was to apply for conscientious objector status. It was futile. The law at that time stipulated only religious reasons as grounds for being so classified, and mine were wholly philosophical. Simply stated—I knew right from wrong. In October of that year I marched up Fifth Avenue to protest United States involvement in Vietnam. I also helped raise money by manning an information booth and selling peace buttons and bumper stickers. In November I took part in the Washington Moratorium. On December 11, 1969, realizing that the demonstrations were not going to end the war, I boarded a bus for Montreal and went into exile.

I stayed a week in Montreal, decided it was too cold and went to Toronto. In Toronto I went to the Toronto Anti-Draft program. They helped me find shelter and, when my funds ran out, with some financial assistance. I

London Daily Mail

No—It's Apart *from This One.*

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thank them again. My first job in Canada was in advertising. I wandered about downtown Toronto wearing a sandwich board covered with handbills. After that I was an employment adviser with the Red, White and Black, made up of draft resisters and deserters. A guy I worked with, from Oklahoma, was a deserter. Politically he was confused. I'll never forget the time he turned to me and asked, "How the hell can I get any business done with all the Commies around here?" I loved him for that. In February 1970, I received my draft notice. I meant to have it enlarged and framed, but over the years it became lost.

What happened next? Bombing of Cambodia, demonstrations in front of the American Consulate, rallies, revulsion at the Kent State massacre, My Lai, more bombings, moving to British Columbia, odd jobs, travel to Europe, Nixon's visit to China, beginning to work with children, troop withdrawals, the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, mining of Haiphong Harbor. And then suddenly it was all over. The Americans were gone, Vietnam and Cambodia were liberated, talk about pardons and amnesty, interviews in the paper, Ford's insult, marriage and becoming a citizen, a trip to Europe last summer, dark, gray clouds and the arrest.

Morning. A breakfast of soggy toast and sawdust eggs. The two FBI agents came and took me to the arraignment. I was released on my own recognizance, while my lawyer tried to have the charges dropped. The government decided to prosecute. My parents went to Tod Ensign and Mike Uhl who are with Safe Return, an organization dedicated to obtaining justice for war resisters. I was unable to return to Canada without posting a high cash or property bail. If my parents had not owned their own house and been willing to put it up for me, I'd still be sitting in Atlantic City, losing a year of school and the earnings from my job as a child-care worker.

I've been asked by friends what the most frightening part of my recent experience has been. I answer that it was meeting young men and women who have little idea of what really happened ten years ago. Incredible numbers of people don't realize that deserters and draft resisters are still being hounded. Then there are those who believe that there is a moral difference between draft resisters and those who resisted after enlistment. They don't understand that deserters were in the unique position of seeing the horror for themselves.

Recently I sent a letter to President-elect Carter. In the final paragraph of that letter I wrote:

> The government of the United States, in the recent past, has been guilty of many crimes. You, as President of the United States, have the unique opportunity to atone for some of these crimes. In the first week of your Presidency declare a complete and unconditional amnesty for all Vietnam war resisters.

In looking back over the last seven years my only regret is that in the beginning I lacked the courage to fight my case in the courts. □

What It Took to Desert

JACK COLHOUN

Toronto

Back in 1966 it seemed simple enough. I was a recent convert to the anti-war movement. After slowly realizing that U.S. involvement in Vietnam was wholly wrong, I committed myself to doing my part to end the war. In my political innocence, it didn't seem an impossible task to educate the American public to the reality of the war and to translate this knowledge into effective political pressure on President Johnson to end it.

That's the way it was a decade ago for me in America. But today I'm exiled in Canada, still just as determined to make Americans aware of the crimes committed in Indochina in our name. Now as a co-editor of *AMEX/Canada,* the eight-year-old magazine of exiled war resisters, the time seems right to look back on that ten-year period of my life dedicated to fighting against the war in Vietnam and helping to lead the movement for total amnesty for all war resisters.

By now, not even the war planners of the 1960s and 1970s will publicly defend the war. From the early stages of his campaign, President-elect Carter has talked about granting an unconditional pardon to America's Vietnamese War exiles, so it seems logical that I should soon be able to come home a free man. Not so! I am a U.S. Army deserter, a former second lieutenant in the Military Police. Carter's welcome home does not embrace deserters; it is for draft resisters only. But that is getting ahead of my story.

I was born in Philadelphia in 1945 of hard-working, conservative Republican parents. When I was in the fifth grade, my father's job with an engineering firm moved us to Sackets Harbor, N.Y., a town of about 1,200 people along the eastern shore of Lake Ontario. Sackets Harbor was a provincial, conservative village, a perfect setting to make me an all-American boy. I was an Eagle Scout, an acolyte in the Episcopal church, a star athlete, an honor student, a prom king and senior class president.

My father was an avid reader of American history and the local history of northern New York. Sackets Harbor was made famous by the War of 1812, but soon thereafter was forgotten. I drank up that local history. I couldn't do otherwise, for we lived in a home built in 1819. A boy could not have had a better teacher of American patriotism than my father.

The high point in his life came at an early age, with his Congressional appointment to West Point. Early in his second year at the Academy, he was accused of cheating on a French quiz. He was given the opportunity to

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resign his appointment or stand a court-martial. As anyone associated with the military quickly learns, courts-martial result in convictions nearly 90 per cent of the time. But he chose the court-martial, was convicted and left West Point with a dishonorable discharge.

It's nearly impossible to get a decent job with a dishonorable discharge, and by that time the Great Depression had crippled the economy. He managed to find a job working in a warehouse to support his mother, brother and sister while going to college at night studying engineering, and spending a good portion of his spare time training with the National Guard.

By the time of World War II, he had passed the Pennsylvania professional engineer's licensing examination. He worked as an engineer at the Philadelphia Navy Yard during the day and, being too old to serve in the military, did volunteer night duty with the Coast Guard along the docks of Philadelphia's waterfront. If I hadn't known him so well, I'd probably have a great deal of difficulty understanding why my father was so proud rather than bitter about what the military had done to him. The most important lesson he taught me, through his example and by his words, was to stick up for what I believed in. "If that means going against the crowd," he said, "you must thoroughly examine your beliefs and make certain that you are right. If you still believe you are right after study, act on your beliefs and be prepared to take a beating."

In the year before he died, I had begun to question America's role in Vietnam. My father and I had several discussions in which he defended what the United States was doing there. Because my anti-war thinking had not yet crystallized I told him I thought that, even if the anti-war movement were wrong, it was performing a valuable service in forcing Americans to examine their policy toward Vietnam more carefully. After I went back to the University of Wisconsin, I continued to listen to what the anti-war movement said about Vietnam and what Johnson, McNamara, Rusk, the Bundys, Rostow and other war architects were saying. I concluded that the people in Washington were trying to build support for a war that never should have occurred in the first place.

In the fall of 1963, I had enrolled in ROTC. It seemed a natural thing for a young patriotic college student to do. And when the time came, I also signed up for the last two years of ROTC. Thus, before I began to inform myself about Vietnam, I was already committed to a path that would lead me directly to the war. Once I had signed up the second time, it was nearly impossible to resign without being drafted immediately as a punishment. In 1964, Americans went to the polls to vote for the peace candidate, Lyndon Johnson. They were tricked into voting for an expanded war when they thought they were voting for peace. However, I wasn't deceived into joining ROTC; it just seemed to be the logical extension of my high school life as an all-American boy. Once I had joined, the moral equation which faced Americans had changed, but I couldn't back out of my legal commitment to serve in the Army.

Being white, middle class and a good student, I hadn't really decided to go to college. I just enrolled, exactly as I signed up for ROTC. But as the war escalated, I knew that the decision which was approaching was one I would have to make consciously. My mother and I spent endless hours during my vacations pondering the alternatives. It took her quite a while to understand that I wasn't just trying on fancy new ideas I had learned while away at college and would discard as impractical once I was out in the real world. Each time I came home from Madison, I had more information about the war, and each time I became more firm that I would not fight in Vietnam. Our conversations trailed off because the reality was too harsh.

We needed outside advice. Our family lawyer, a Gold-

Yardley Jones, Toronto Telegram

water supporter, would not discuss my problem, so I went to a lawyer and two psychiatrists in Madison. They agreed with my opposition to the war, but their advice was the measure of their liberalism. "I know it's hard to do," they told me, "but you should put your anti-war beliefs in your back pocket for now. Serve your time in the Army and don't get in trouble with the law. If the war's still going on when you get out, then you can protest it. Don't ruin your life." My university chaplain understood and supported me, but he was naive. He believed I could get the Army to transfer me away from the war because of my beliefs. I appreciated his support but his advice was unworkable.

So without useful outside advice, my mother and I gradually came to accept that on the day I was to report for active duty I would most likely refuse to serve. In the midst of all this, I had to make a decision about my future. I decided that I wanted to study for a Ph.D. in American history. I was able to obtain a delay from active duty for two years. In the fall of 1968 I again enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. I hoped my anti-war activism would somehow hasten the war's end and incidentally solve my problem. By the fall of 1969, when President Nixon bragged that he watched a football game on TV while hundreds of thousands of anti-war protesters gath-

(Continued on page 50)

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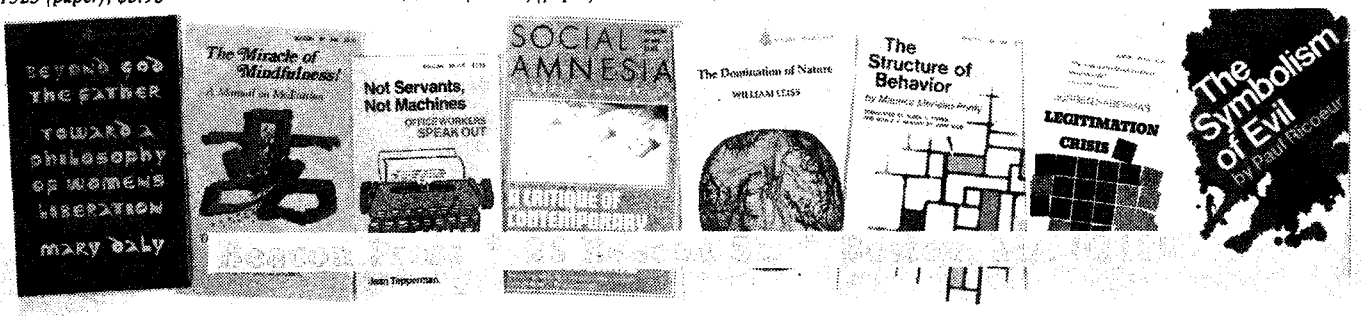

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ered in Washington, I knew I could not put off my decision much longer. In a way I was glad because I wanted to rid myself of a doubt that had plagued my life for years: did I have the courage to refuse to serve in Vietnam? Now I immersed myself even deeper in anti-war work. I never missed a demonstration while in Madison and I delved into more serious research on the war. Soon I began to write historical and analytical articles on the war, work which I have continued for the last eight years. When my call to active duty became imminent, I knew what I must do. In the midst of the civil strife that followed Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, I decided to desert and move to Canada. In June 1970, very reluctantly I packed my belongings and drove to the border. My feelings were simultaneously joy and sadness. Having finally acted, I felt carefree for the first time in years. But my relief was tinged with the kind of sadness that only an exile can fully understand. It was a sick feeling: I knew I had just left the land of my birth, the land of the Colhouns all the way back to the *Mayflower*.

But I had also left behind me the meanness that Nixon and Agnew were drawing out of a decent but frightened and confused people. When the President and Vice President praised the police and National Guard who fired on students at Kent State and Jackson State, and leaders who normally would denounce such acts held back out of fear, it was not so hard to leave home. Also, exile was a new beginning for me and there were many important considerations, such as finding a place to live, getting a job, and meeting fellow exiles.

No sooner had I begun to stabilize my life in Toronto, than I got word that my mother had been taken to the hospital with terminal cancer. My mother's friends expected me to say I would come back immediately. Before I deserted, however, my mother and I had discussed the possibility of her illness and death, something all exiles fear, and she decided that I shouldn't risk being arrested by the FBI, which keeps track of obituaries and funerals. I didn't rush to her bedside. When she was released from the hospital, she reassured me that I had done the right thing. She lived for another year and was able to visit me in Canada twice before she died in 1971. I wrote her three times a week, trying to comfort her in her last lonely days. I was her only living relative. I felt inadequate.

My meek 98-pound mother suddenly became a giant in her last days. She told her conservative Republican friends, "Jack has done what he thinks is right. I'm not certain I have followed all the things he's told me about Vietnam, but I do know this: he's not a criminal. He's not dishonoring me by not coming home, but you will hurt me if you think ill of him." The war that forced me into exile had brought us closer together than ever before.

Having found sanctuary in Canada, I wanted to have some continuing effect on the war, but was uncertain how this could be done. I had seen for some time that if one refused to be drafted, someone else would be called instead. Desertion took the process only one step further. But knowing that more G.I.s had deserted from the Army in 1970 than in any year in history helped ease my conscience. Besides, we exiles reasoned, if enough people deserted, the military's ability to wage the war could be seriously reduced.

Before I could turn my attention to encouraging more soldiers to desert, however, I discovered that the Toronto exile community already had more deserters on its hands than it could handle. Canada never granted war resisters any special status, but allowed us to compete with other potential immigrants for legal entry into the country. In order to reside and work legally in Canada, a potential immigrant had to pass a Manpower and Immigration Ministry test to obtain landed immigrant status. As a middle-class college graduate, I had no trouble getting "landed," but most deserters did.

Immigration standards were geared either toward well-educated, middle-class immigrants with general skills or toward working-class youth with specific job skills. Thousands of working-class and minority deserters could not get landed because they lacked job skills. Many, if not most, had enlisted in the military because they were unemployed or stuck in dead-end jobs with the draft breathing down their necks. The sons of America's working class and minorities not only had to fill the places in the military left vacant by middle-class youth, they also found that getting into exile was, to a large extent, determined by class and race.

I jumped into the business of helping newly arrived exiles establish themselves in their new homes. After some initial counseling, some job-hunting tips, and the provision of temporary housing, most draft resisters could get landed immigrant status and move out on their own. Deserters proved a much more difficult problem. Our most painful task was to tell a deserter who had been in Canada for six months and couldn't get landed, that he had to face either living underground in Canada, doing the same in the States, or—what was unthinkable—turning himself back to the military.

After I had been working on these problems for some months, I went as an *AMEX* representative to an anti-war meeting in Montreal, organized by the Association of Vietnamese Patriots in Canada. Like most anti-war Americans who met the Vietnamese for the first time, I was overwhelmed by their kindness and generosity. They treated me as if my desertion was, indeed, meaningful. They assured me that they understood that it was Washington's war, neither chosen nor planned by the American people. I was amazed that such a thing could happen during wartime.

Another experience I'll never forget took place during the 1972 Christmas terror bombing of North Vietnam. A friend from Madison had invited me to his wedding in Kingston, Ont. We had been ROTC students together; now I was an Army deserter and he a career officer in the Navy. He told me his uncle, who would be attending the wedding, had recently retired from the Air Force as a B-52 crew officer. When I got to Kingston the first thing my friend did was ask me if I would make a statement, before the service began, condemning the bombing. I declined, not wanting to spoil his wedding.

Instead, he denounced the bombing. I don't know if his bride's family or the other Canadians present quite understood; I'm sure they believed I was behind the surprise announcement. His family, however, understood

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fully—and agreed. His uncle and I immediately became good friends. We were all patriotic Americans, concerned that our country was not living up to its ideals.

The Canadians had never seen a real live deserter before, so I was put under a friendly but persistent cross-examination. What the Canadians wanted to know was why the American people allowed the war to drag on. I tried to explain that millions of American jobs were dependent on the war industry and this certainly helped to fuel the war. They looked at the problem abstractly and concluded that most Americans were simply indifferent to the war at best, or at worst, immoral. I then told them, as I had told my American history classes at York University, that 1 ton of Canadian nickel was built into each B-52 now dropping its bombs in Vietnam. It was necessary for Canada to sell nickel to the U.S. Defense Department, they said, in order to earn foreign credits. My point never sank in.

A decade of opposition to the war has brought me more than my share of pain, but that's not really what amnesty is all about. It's not because we have "suffered enough" that President Carter should grant unconditional amnesty to all war resisters. The reason I was forced into exile is much more basic than that. It's a question of the duty of a citizen in a democracy.

Is one truly obligated by the laws of his country? Must one answer the call of the Selective Service System or blindly follow the orders of military commanders, no matter how illegal they may be? Or should one break those laws to protest the criminality of the war and be jailed and branded a criminal for life? Today, nearly 2 million of us are marked as criminals for refusing to be cogs in the U.S. military machine as it ravaged Indochina, or for resisting the racism that pervades the military. While the war was raging, many said it was premature to discuss amnesty. Now that the war is history, it is the responsibility of all Americans to reflect on that history and to make judgments about it.

There is no better way to address this problem than to engage in the amnesty debate. Because the war was wrong, it is also wrong for President-elect Carter to single out only one category of war resister, that is draft resisters, for inclusion in his unconditional amnesty. The fight must be pressed for an unconditional amnesty that includes all war resisters: draft resisters; deserters; veterans with less-than-honorable discharges; draft nonregistrants; war resisters who have taken out Canadian citizenship, and civilian anti-war protesters with "criminal" records.

Under Carter's currently known plan I would not be included in the unconditional amnesty he intends to grant during his first week in the White House. Draft resisters will receive a blanket pardon; deserters will be considered case by case within the military justice system, to screen out those who weren't motivated by anti-war reasons. Deserters lucky enough to pass muster will still not get a full amnesty. They won't have to go to the stockade, but neither will they get honorable discharges. "Pardoned" draft resisters will have their records cleared; they won't have to go through the rest of their lives with the record of a convicted federal felon. Deserters who pass their final military inspection will retain the military equivalent of a federal felon's record. Ask one of the 790,000 Vietnam-era veterans with bad discharge papers how employers react to that.

Statistical evidence contained in the Clemency Board's *Report to the President* shows that deserters and vets with less-than-honorable discharges differ from draft resisters in terms of race and class. Draft resisters are predominantly white and middle class; deserters and vets are disproportionately from minority and lower-income white backgrounds. As to actual resistance to the war, the most significant difference between draft resisters and deserters is one of timing. Draft law violators were well enough informed about the war to decide not to be part of it. Deserters, like myself, didn't know much about Vietnam before we enlisted or were drafted. It was in the military that we learned the war was unjust.

Unless we, as a people, come to terms with the war in Vietnam, we can be similarly deceived into future "Vietnams." And we will not come to terms with this war if we allow Carter to pardon only a tiny minority of war resisters, and that minority largely white and middle class. As Rev. Barry Lynn said at a recent Boston-area amnesty conference, "We will celebrate an amnesty victory because it will mean that resistance to unjust wars has become a part of our history." □

OUR MONSTER IN BRAZIL

It All Began with 'Brother Sam'

GAYLE HUDGENS WATSON

When Vladimir Herzog, noted Brazilian journalist and film maker, died last year in the Second Army Corps Headquarters, São Paulo, correspondents already concerned about the abrogation of human rights in Iran and Chile became preoccupied with new waves of torture, political arrests and repression in Brazil. Might the well-documented and widely disseminated reports of torture as routine state policy bother Vernon Walters and Lincoln Gordon?

Whether they knew it or not, in the spring of 1964 they abetted the creation of a monster. The Pentagon, State Department and White House—not to mention the CIA—ran interference for the eviction of a democratically elected President. They then blocked a counter-coup, and

Gayle Watson, who has lived and published in Brazil, did the research for this article for a graduate course in the Ph.D. program in history at the University of Texas, Austin.

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with a bold show of naval and air strength assured the success of a takeover by the military dictatorship responsible for Herzog's death. But is it possible that the United States Government can manage a coup in a foreign sovereign nation without the world learning conclusively that it did so for twelve long years? Disconcertingly, it can.

Top secret document #5665, issued by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, alludes to just those unsavory activities. In context with other relevant documents, it substantiates the most intolerable Pentagon nightmare to date. Brazil in 1964 was a dress rehearsal for Chile in 1973.

Document #5665 was a message of April 2, 1964, from Rear Adm. L.A. Bryan, canceling a United States covert plan to provide airlift of ammunition, fighter and tanker support, and necessary forces to carry out the USCINCSO (United States Commander in Chief, South Command) Contingency Plan 2-61 in crisis-torn Brazil. This operation—the numbering indicates that it was probably first conceived in 1961—blueprinted a comprehensive political and military plan, coded "Brother Sam" and concocted for the ouster of President João Goulart. It was canceled by Rear Admiral Bryan because it was no longer needed.

Never popular with conservative military and political elements of the Brazilian national bourgeoisie, Goulart had served as Minister of Labor in the second Getúlio Vargas administration (1951-54), and later became the chief of the Brazilian Labor Party. Elected Vice President in 1956 and 1960, he was elevated to the Presidency on September 7, 1961, following Jânio da Silva Quadros's resignation. Diminished executive powers attended his promotion to Chief Executive because a parliamentary compromise forced him to share his powers with a Council of Ministers. A national plebiscite in January 1963 overwhelmingly (by a 4-to-1 majority vote) restored to Goulart his full Presidential and constitutional powers.

Throughout 1963 Goulart earned the renewed and irreconcilable enmity of the military. He courted the Third World in a blatantly independent foreign policy. He supported wage increases for striking workers. He formulated a sweeping agrarian reform policy. He granted amnesty to insubordinate sailors and marines. Goulart's commercial flirtation with European Communist states, and with China, Algeria, Ceylon and Cuba, combined with his nationalist policy against foreign investors, naturally aroused suspicion in the United States Government. The Johnson administration's Latin American policy at this time emphasized a "pragmatic" approach in which United States aid would be forthcoming to those regimes which defended private capital, encouraged economic development, and protected themselves from Communist subversion. It was no surprise then that the Johnson administration virtually rejoiced when the news came on April 2, 1964, that President Goulart had been overthrown by a revolt of Brazilian Army forces.

Rumors of United States involvement in the coup have circulated ever since, but most scholars have made only passing references to them. The few authors who have held that the United States played a supportive, even a leading, role in the military coup, have until now lacked documentary proof for their assertions. Deprived of crucial classified documents, scholars interested in the extent of U.S. involvement in Brazil have until recently been unable to get at the evidence many sensed existed somewhere in the bowels of the United States bureaucracy.

Offsetting the arguments of those who believed that the country was involved are countless published testimonies and interviews with various officials who have consistently denied any United States support for the coup. Most blatant is the testimony of Lincoln Gordon, former Harvard Business School professor turned Ambassador to Brazil during the crisis, who ran with the hare but hunted with the hounds. In a statement before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that was reviewing his nomination to become Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs in 1966, Gordon distorted the reality in such a convincing way that many believed him when he claimed that neither the American Embassy nor he personally played any part whatsoever in the overthrow of President Goulart, that the movement was "100 per cent Brazilian." Yet it is now clear that Ambassador Gordon was playing a decisive and leading role, shared equally perhaps with Gen. Vernon Walters (a pivotal figure as U.S. Defense Attaché to Brazil and later number-two man in the CIA during the Nixon administration's Watergate shenanigans), in the behind-the-scenes drama, as is demonstrated in document #43 (here reproduced).

On March 31, Secretary of State Dean Rusk; Secre-

INCOMING
MESSAGE — THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF — TOP SECRET

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THE FOLLOWING ARE USCINCSO'S RECOMMENDATIONS RELATIVE TO CHANGES OF ACTION OF BROTHER SAM AND CARRIER TASK FORCE.

1. 110 -TON PACKAGE OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION CONTINUE TO BE HELD AT MCGUIRE PENDING AMBASSADOR GORDON'S DETERMINATION OF WHETHER BRAZILIAN MILITARY FORCES OR STATE POLICE FORCES WILL REQUIRE EARLY U.S. SUPPORT.

2. TAC, SAC AND MATS IN SUPPORT OF BORTHER SAM BE RELEASED.

3. CARRIER TASK FORCE CONTINUE TOWARD SOUTH ATLANTIC UNTIL AMBASSADOR STATES THAT PORT CALLS OR OTHER U.S. DEMONSTRATION OF NAVAL POWER ARE DEFINITELY NOT WANTED.

4. ONLY THAT PART OF POL MOVEMENT WHICH AMBASSADOR CONSIDERS ESSENTIAL TO CURRENT SITUATION BE CONTINUED. GP-4

BT

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CJCS-2(3-4) DJS-3(5-7) SJCS-3(8-10) J4-1(11) J5-1(12) J6-1(13) SACSA-1(14) DIA-1(15) NMCC-2(16-17) CSA-2(18-19) CSAF-2(20-21) CNO-2(22-23) CMC-2(24-25) OSD-8(26-33) (WHITE HOUSE)-3(34-36) RRA-1(37) FILE-1(38) (1-38)JRT (STATE) (DIRNSA) (CIA)

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tary of Defense Robert McNamara; General of the Army Maxwell Taylor; Commander in Chief U.S. South Command Andrew Pick O'Meara; Director of the CIA John McCone, and others met and decided that Gordon was the man to answer the urgent questions stemming from the crisis. A teletype conference then took place between Gordon and several important policy makers: George Ball, Under Secretary of State; Thomas Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and Ralph Dungan, Special Presidential Assistant and later Ambassador to Chile. They believed that the "opportunity" facing them might not recur, but they did not want "to get the USG out in front on a losing cause." Gordon, who had sent word to the pro-United States provincial governors in Brazil that they must create a government "having claim to legitimacy," was asked during this teletype communication to send no further messages "to Brazilian governors or military until we have had an opportunity to reach decision on basis this telcon and other developments during day." And Gordon "played no personal role" whatsoever?

These official conspirators were devising a scheme in which one side would be led by pro-United States generals who would depose Goulart and chase the scourge of an independent Brazil from the hemisphere. The United States could not loiter in the glare of a street lamp, however. Certain cosmetic touches were prerequisite for our continued assistance:

(*1*) The formation of a government claiming to be the government of Brazil.
(*2*) The establishment of some color of legitimacy.
(*3*) The successful seizure and holding of significant Brazilian territory in the name of such government.
(*4*) A request by such government to United States and other American states for recognition and assistance in upholding constitutional government.

This prescription was handed the generals, if not before, certainly during their struggle to throw Goulart out of the country. The cloak of legitimacy which the United States regarded as minimal was some combination of the following:

(*1*) Establishment of unconstitutional acts by Goulart.
(*2*) Claim to Presidency by individual in line of succession.
(*3*) Action by Congress or some elements of Congress having some claim to legislative authority.
(*4*) Recognition or ratification by some or all state governments.

Central questions on the minds of Rusk, *et al.*, asked in this March 31st telcon were: "Who are the possible civilians who might lay claim to Presidency of new governments? This does not rule out possibility of military junta as last resort but that would make U.S. assistance much more difficult." And embarrassing. "What information do you have as to the military plans for action? What plans are there for interdicting possible 'break-out' of First Army from Rio? We assume interdiction should occur in the escarpment area on road between Rio and São Paulo and also on road between Rio and Belo Horizonte. Do you have any information as to what friendly governors and Army Commanders in northeast area are planning?" Washington information agreed with Gordon's that there were no tankers in the South Atlantic not under Brazilian Government control. United States tankers could not arrive in less than two weeks, but petroleum, oil and lubricants (POL) could be delivered quickly by air if certain requirements could be met: "(*a*) secure landing field able to accept jets and probable need for fighter cover during transit of Brazil," and "(*b*) alternatively and preferably use of West Coast group which would involve landing and over-flight rights over other American states. This latter would presumably be possible only if government established and recognition accorded by transit states."

The foregoing may be suggestive, perhaps even ominous, but the final question was right on target: ". . . would it be necessary for U.S. to mount large material program to assure success of takeover?"

The teletype record from which the above quotes are taken is preserved (and until recently was classified) in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. It verifies Gordon's intimate involvement and sensitive knowledge of military plans. It further establishes his leading role and that of other United States officials at the highest levels of government in the planning and consideration of overt United States interference with the affairs of a sovereign state. It substantiates the overwhelming military support the United States Government stood ready to muster in order to rid Brazil of its President.

Before there was any Brazilian military movement, Gen. Vernon Walters (who during World War II in Italy had served with and roomed with Gen. Humberto de A. Castelo Branco, later to become President of the junta) sent a telegram to the Assistant Chief of Staff Intelligence, Department of State, on the night of March 27, saying: "It is now clear Gen. Castelo Branco *finally* accepted leadership of forces determined to resist Goulart Coup or Communist takeover . . . Mar 13 meeting and tremendous response to São Paulo March for God and Freedom have instilled new vigor into *plotters*." (My italics.)

Elaborate plans for moving tons of ammunition and support—air, land and sea—to Brazil were detailed by Admiral Bryan in Joint Chiefs of Staff message #5594. On the same day when the teletype conference took place, Rear Adm. John Chew issued top secret orders (5574) for the movement of a carrier task force to the vicinity of Santos, Brazil: "Purpose of Carrier Task Group is to establish U.S. presence in this area when so directed and to be prepared to carry out tasks as may be assigned and covered in ref." The reference was to Contingency Plan 2-61. Chew ordered that necessary replenishment forces sail as required and that secrecy of the destination be maintained for the interim, explaining that "release of information concerning movement will be provided later." It now appears that "later" meant almost one dozen years later.

By midafternoon on April 1 Maj. Gen. Robert A. Breitweiser (Director of Intelligence of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, 1958-61; Assistant Chief Staff Intelligence Headquarters, U.S. Air Force, 1961-63; and Commander U.S. Air Force South Command, 1963-66) had been desig-

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nated as Commander of the Joint Task Force/Brazil. A task force operation implies a military formation designed for open hostilities. The United States appeared to be preparing for *war*. Provision was simultaneously made to establish a functioning Joint Task Force Headquarters in the Panama Canal Zone by midnight of April 1.

Meanwhile, in Brazil, Operation Popeye had begun the day before (March 31, at noon), when Generals Mourão Filho, Castelo Branco, Carlos Luís Guedes, and other military officers mobilized their forces in Minas Gerais and Rio against the Goulart administration. Gen. Amauri Kruel, commander of the Second Army based in São Paulo, withdrew his support from Goulart early on April 1, and joined the hard-line "revolutionaries." Unopposed, the military seized control of the government. Pascoal Ranieri Mazzilli, Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, assumed the position of interim President in the early morning hours of April 2.

Document #79 from the Johnson Archives crucially points up the weight placed on this event by the United States Government. In a FLASH message—the swiftest and most urgent of priority communications—the Secretary of State, the White House, the CIA, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and various defense groups involved in the "Brother Sam" operation knew within *minutes* of Mazzilli's assumption of the Presidency. Why was the orderly assumption of government worth that priority? Was it because it fulfilled the preconditions set out three days before in the teletype conference for our further assistance to the junta?

The President of the United States, assured at this juncture of the success of the takeover, sent his "warmest good wishes" to President Mazzilli, precisely two days *before* Goulart actually left Brazil for Uruguay. In congratulating the coup victors, Johnson referred to the "resolute will of the Brazilian community to resolve their [political and economic] difficulties within a *framework of constitutional democracy* and without civil strife." (My italics.) He did not mention torture.

Critics have puzzled over the rapidity with which the United States recognized, welcomed and rejoiced at the military coup in Brazil. It is now clear that swift recognition was part of the "Brother Sam" plan which related to legitimacy of a new government. We had so rationalized our intervention that our officials were informing critics that "there were strong indications that Goulart was trying to perpetuate himself in power unconstitutionally, and that his successors seemed to be carefully conforming to constitutional procedures." Yet the evidence contradicts this explanation. Goulart's overwhelming plebiscite victory was proof that the Brazilian *people* supported him. His successors contravened the Brazilian constitution at the behest of Gordon, Walters and company.

Johnson's early recognition had another consequence. Precisely because it lent further legitimacy to the new government in Brazil, it thereby strengthened the Brazilian military position in such a way that by 5 that afternoon (April 2) the decision had been made to terminate the Task Force maneuver. But just because it appeared that Goulart had acquiesced momentarily did not mean that the Contingency Plan 2-61 should be terminated in its entirety. Much of the overall blueprint was still valid.

Thus, by the evening of April 3 only those provisions were canceled that provided an airlift of six C-135 aircraft, eight fighters, up to eight tankers as required, necessary air-rescue support, one talking bird aircraft and one airborne command post. This cancellation ended the crisis pitch of the last four days, but did not end United States interference in Brazilian affairs. Massive financial aid to Brazil after April 1964 confirmed a policy which failed to respect Latin American independence and Latin Americans' capacity to act independently.

Thus far, we still do not know explicitly what role the military attaché Gen. Vernon Walters played in the defensive coup plan of the Brazilian military officers. We still do not know how much President Johnson knew and, à la Howard Baker, when he knew it. And if he knew about the conspiracy was he not an accomplice himself by virtue of taking a position—with an abnormal swiftness for diplomatic norms—in favor of the new regime even before Goulart was out of the country?

Moreover, why did Ambassador Gordon distort his testimony before a Congressional committee? It may be that there was more to hide than we can even now imagine, though we do have proof of Gordon's complicity in the downfall of a democratically and constitutionally elected President of a traditionally friendly ally. Whether it was dollar diplomacy or fear of Communist usurpation which influenced United States foreign policy, a respectful course of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other countries certainly was not charted. United States policy not only used the Brazilian bourgeoisie as tools of United States entrepreneurs, but manipulated the Brazilian military as well. The so-called "modernizing" power of the Brazilian military, so highly touted by scholars, has been sorely misunderstood, or worse, misrepresented by area specialists looking the other way, either because they lack academic integrity or because they were hoodwinked like the rest of us for twelve years.

The rumor that there may have been direct interference by the United States in the Brazilian coup was not baseless. What did prove baseless was Gordon's prediction that a takeover would be temporary. Thousands of victims of arrest and torture—if they have lived through their interrogators' zeal—can attest to the persistence of the military regime.

The questions both Brazilians and North Americans are asking now are: will Carter propose a dramatically different attitude toward Brazil? Will his strategy strengthen the substance—not just the patina—of a nonintervention policy? Or must we wonder, after Brazil in 1964 and Chile in 1973, who is to be next? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Musical Literature

JASON BERRY

In 1965 Albert Murray, then a jazz and literary critic of modest reputation, contributed an essay called "Something Different, Something More" to a critical anthology. It was an interesting article for the times, containing an attack on James Baldwin, then at the summit of his fame, and concluding with a policy statement about black literature quite at odds with most books by black authors during the civil rights years. Read today, 'Something Different, Something More" forecasts the themes which have since surfaced in Murray's own book.

"Something Different, Something More" described Baldwin's emergence in the early 1950s, as in part the result of his two famous articles attacking Richard Wright. Baldwin had linked *Native Son* with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and then criticized such work for shallowness of vision: "The failure of the protest novel," he said, "lies in its rejection of life, the human being. . . ."

Murray used these comments about protest literature to show that Baldwin's own work since 1949 is in the same tradition of social protest as Richard Wright's. Ironically, Baldwin had even pinpointed much of what was missing in this literature—the profound tradition of music in Negro culture—and here Murray took him to task:

> As for the tradition of U.S. Negroes, Baldwin may or may not realize that he is making a fundamental statement about it when he says that it is only in music that the Negro in America has been able to tell his story. Actually, this story is also told in folktales and lore, sayings, jokes and various other forms. Still there is much to be said for Baldwin's assertion. Music does contain the most comprehensive rendering of the complexities of the American Negro experience. Music, it seems, *has* been the artistic form most featured among U.S. Negroes, and there appear to be historical as well as anthropological reasons for this. At any rate there are clear historical explanations for the fact that U.S. Negro musicians have always existed in greater numbers than Negro writers. . . .
>
> There are, incidentally, also significant implications of affirmation inherent in the basic fact that U.S. Negro music has always been a part of a great tradition of dance and physical labor. . . .
>
> All of which would seem to be one of the most immediate and fundamental interests to any serious student of American culture, to say nothing of a serious writer of American fiction. And yet James Baldwin, for all his understandable dissatisfaction with the thinness of Richard Wright's characters and situations . . . has never written in terms of any of the sustaining actualities of that tradition in any of his own stories. (*Anger & Beyond: The Negro Writer in the United States.* Herbert Hill, ed.)

In 1976, it is worth noting that Murray's criticism of Baldwin's work as essentially myopic, blurred by rage and bereft of the eloquence in Negro culture, still seems true. Baldwin's last novel, published in 1974 under the catchy title, *If Beale Street Could Talk,* had absolutely nothing to do with music, Beale Street, or even credible black characters. (They spoke more like white people than folk of Harlem.)

South to a Very Old Place. McGraw-Hill. 1971. $7.95.
The Hero and the Blues. University of Missouri, 1973. $5.
Train Whistle Guitar. McGraw-Hill. 1974. $6.95.
Stomping the Blues. McGraw-Hill. 1976. $17.50.

Before examining Murray's current work, a final comment about the 1965 essay is in order. In attacking Baldwin, who had earlier criticized Richard Wright, Murray was emulating Baldwin by using the same kind of essay to advance his own ideas. But where Baldwin had failed to live up to the literary standard suggested in his criticism of protest novels, Murray met the standard of his own essay with a prize-winning novel, *Train Whistle Guitar* (1974) and most recently with an elegant work of music history called *Stomping the Blues.* What sets these books apart from much of contemporary literature—both black and white—is the fact that their language is deeply influenced and rhythmically patterned after jazz-and-blues music.

Murray's unique style began to develop in 1971, when he wrote a literary travelogue, *South to a Very Old Place.* A highly impressionistic account of visits with Robert Penn Warren, Vann Woodward, Walker Percy and others, *South* is written in a rolling, somewhat lyrical vein. It is interesting less for its literary insights than for the prose which struggles through a difficult stream of consciousness. Late in *South to a Very Old Place,* Murray recounts a conversation with Walker Percy which offers considerable insight to the maturation of his style as it developed in later books:

> It is Ernest Hemingway not William Faulkner who provides the keynote and vamp-in this time. In reply to a casual inquiry (from Percy) about works-in-progress you sketch the objectives of *The Hero and the Blues,* a recently completed draft of literary notes in which you use the *nada*-conscious, ritual oriented master craftsman as one of three primary literary touchstones for a blues-idiom-derived frame of reference, if not poetics, for the kind of fiction you are trying to write.

Murray's preoccupation with Hemingway is interesting. In an essay called "The Storyteller as Blues Singer" (*American Journal,* April 10, 1973), Murray explained that "Blues lyrics narrate a tragic situation, but what the music generates is not a mood of self-pity but an earthy, life-affirming, bacchanalian dance step; . . . a typical Hemingway situation is a blues situation, the archetypal situation of contemporary man." Murray viewed the Hemingway hero as "a blues hero. . . . His conflicts and complexities have blues or existential ambiguities, and his resolutions, like those in blues problems, are always based on a confrontation and acknowledgment of the fundamental facts of life without illusion, facts that are sometimes as incomprehensibly absurd as they are ugly."

Although he discusses a number of modern writers in *Hero and the Blues* (also published in 1973) his other two "literary touchstones" are André Malraux, whose heroes confront the absurd nature of existence with the tragic awareness of a Hemingway blues hero, and Thomas Mann, whose Joseph story "is a definitive representation of the world as farce (and of man as quick-witted, nimble-footed dreamer in action)." *Hero*

Jason Berry is the author of Amazing Grace: With Charles Evers in Mississippi *(Saturday Review Press). His work has appeared in the* Columbia Journalism Review, New York Times, Washington Post, Southern Exposure, *and a variety of Southern publications.*

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RAIN

Rain undoes the stone,
unfastens grass.
Nothing is permanently
attached to bone.
Neither epoxy
nor promises last.

But I keep those inflections
you telephoned, to wear
with your frown
on rainy days.
There is another you
I have invented from your name
and cemented to my bones forever.

Let rain say nothing stays.

Diana Der Hovanessian

and the Blues is certainly an original work of scholarship, for in it Murray ties the cultural roots of blues music to thematic developments in 20th-century literature.

With publication of his first novel, *Train Whistle Guitar*, a year later in 1974, Murray broke away from the Joycean style of *South to a Very Old Place*, and put the blues directly into his literature. *Train Whistle*, in fact, begins with the blues idiom—the triumph over tragedy, over the absurd—as point of departure. It is anything but a tragic story. A boyhood memoir of the 1920s set in Gasoline Point, Ala., it celebrates the rich oral-music tradition of black life. Murray's South is a place rooted in memories beneath the racial suffering, a *déjà vu* of the blues down home, a magic history of the black Southern mind and tongue.

The stream of consciousness here is based on *sound*; the style combines the rhythms of jazz-and-blues music with the intricate associations the young narrator makes to things around him. In this section, note how the clock triggers thoughts which appear in a lyrical clock-like beat:

> I would be listening, and above us on the scalloped mantlepiece was the old fashioned pendulum clock, which was Papa's heirloom from that ancestral mansion of ante-bellum columns and gingham crisp kitchens in which his mulatto grandmother had herself been an inherited slave until Sherman's March to the Sea but which I still remembered as the Mother Goose clock; because it ticked and tocked and tocked and tocked and struck not only the hours but also the quarter-hours with the soft clanging sound you remember when you remember fairy tale steeples and the rainbow colors of nursery rhyme cobwebs; because it hickory dickory docked and clocked like a brass spoon metronome above the steel blue syncopation of guitar string memories; because it hockey-tock rocked to jangle like such honky tonk piano mallets as echo midnight freight train distances beyond patch-quilt horizons and bedside window-panes.

The train image, derived from the clock sounds, is common to many of the lyrics in Southern blues singing which came out of the post-World War I years when Southern blacks rode the rails to Northern cities. And Murray's language is drawn from such experiences and oral traditions, a cultural reservoir few white novelists understand enough to be able to draw from. (Faulkner's best black characters speak in a fashion which, while elegant in its way, is rhythmically closer to baroque music than the blues. The terse talk which Faulkner heard differs from the more rhythmic, free-flowing speech of blacks among their own race.) The following dialogue between two small boys, calling out to a guitar player up from Louisiana, fuses the musical and literary traditions:

> Say now hey Mister Luzana Cholly
> Mr. Luzana Cholly one time . . .
> Mister Luzana Cholly all night long,
> Yeah me, ain't nobody else but.
> The one and only Mister Luzana Cholly from Bogaluzana Bolly.
> Got the world in a jug.
> And the stopper in your hand.
> Y'all tell 'em, 'cause I ain't got the heart.
> A man among men.
> And Lord God among women!

Murray has interpreted a South which I suspect exists in many black novelists' minds, but which has long been subsumed by social outrage. *Train Whistle Guitar*, which won the Lillian Smith award for best Southern novel of 1974, is a clear departure from the honorable tradition of the black realist novel, and from the social protest literature of Baldwin and Wright. Murray has written a romantic novel about a region most white novelists see as tragic. There are indicators that other novelists have begun to re-evaluate the black legacy in the South. In 1974, the same year *Train Whistle* appeared—and the same year Eugene Genovese published *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, which celebrates historically many of the oral qualities of the Negro culture in slave times that Murray extols in fiction—a 26-year-old black writer named Charles Johnson published *Faith and the Good Things*, a book filled with humorous, and supernatural events from the old South. In the same year a white Mississippian named Berry Morgan published *The Mystic Adventures of Roxie Stoner* which contained monologues from the life of a deeply religious, slightly dazed black woman. In all these novels, the racial burdens are not ignored but, rather, as in blues music, used as backdrop, as an emotional *a priori* from which art proceeds.

This November, McGraw-Hill published Murray's revisionist study of music, *Stomping the Blues*. He begins with the visitation of the blues, in the emotional milieu of bad times: "The main thing about the blues," he writes, "is all the botheration they bring . . . the ghostlike vagueness of their existence." Murray likens the advent of the blues to the choral lamentations in *Oedipus Rex*, the starvation of cattle and fields wrought by the bewitchment of the Fisher-King in Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and Hamlet's burden: "charged by the ghost of his late father to rid the kingdom of Denmark of the evil forces that dominate it."

Stomping the Blues then guides us through all the rich lore and facts of the music: the Saturday Night Function; the ironic condemnations of religious ministers in churches where the faithful sway and sing; the large significance of railroads, as well as the different musical styles as they emerged. An entire chapter is devoted to correcting misconceptions about the blues and to redefining the music and its connotations for American culture. *Stomping the Blues* is also richly illustrated. Murray undoubtedly spent a great deal of time culling rare photographs of Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith and others and giving them captions containing valuable information.

It seems to me there is an added significance to Albert Murray's work in the 1970s. He is outside of the realist, protest literature of the black novel in the way that Henry Miller, when *Tropic of Cancer* was published in 1935, stood outside the tradition of Farrell and Steinbeck. The lyrical rhythms of his

FOR ORION

At Point Reyes we watched whales
swimming softly to their death.
We climbed the height of rocks
to see. You spoke of Russia and
Japan: the fate planned for these whales,
whose foam is all I see.
We watched their torpedo shaped
shadows, pushing silently north,
mute, ignorant.
The signs warned us of cliffs
and we were silent. From below,
the huge dark, the occasional bruise,
passed away, passed away.

George M. Knuepfel

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writing are analogous to the revisionist history of Southern black life which Genovese, Haley, Gutman and others have produced. Murray has gone a step further in showing the richness of this long-neglected culture. In the South, the music has always been there, but only a few novelists—Hurston, Ellison, some of Faulkner—have drawn on it to much benefit. But not even *Invisible Man*, which Murray has praised as a "blues odyssey," has the pronounced lyrical quality of *Train Whistle Guitar* or its capacity for innovation. This improvisation is at the very root of the black oral tradition. Murray who is now at work on a sequel to *Train Whistle*, writes in *Hero and the Blues*: "But perhaps above all else the blues-oriented hero image represents the American embodiment of the man whose concept of being able to live happily ever afterward is most consistent with the moral of all dragon-encounters: *Improvisation is the ultimate human* (i.e., *heroic*) *endowment.*" □

Having to Do with Race

BUSING. *By Thomas J. Cottle. Beacon Press. 160 pp. $7.95.*

TOM NUGENT

Everybody says: "This has nothing to do with race."

That's what Irene McCabe said, back in the spring of 1972, as we trudged along a highway somewhere in the flatlands of northern Ohio. Mrs. McCabe, along with a dozen other members of her National Action Group (NAG)—an anti-busing organization she'd helped to put together to protest court-ordered busing in the Detroit area—had set off, a few days earlier, on a grueling, 400-mile march to Washington. Mrs. McCabe was carrying a message, she said, for all the fuzzy-minded, do-gooder liberals in the federal courts and on Capitol Hill: she wasn't about to let them wreck her neighborhood school. . . .

"You've got it all wrong," she insisted as we hiked past endless corn fields (I was covering the march for a Detroit newspaper), "busing is a *constitutional* issue. Period. We're simply talking about the people's right to run their own schools . . . to decide where and how their kids will be educated. . . .

"It has nothing to do with race."

I was skeptical. After months of watching livid suburbanites leap to their feet at neighborhood anti-busing rallies to shout, "I'll go to jail first!" and, "Bus that judge's kids!," and after the school bus bombings and the widespread school picketings which had rocked nearby Pontiac the previous fall, and after many interviews with angry whites who explained that they'd "already run from them once (moved to the suburbs), and we're not going to run from them again!," it seemed clear to me that the fierce antagonism, the intense outrage which the busing issue so often triggered in these ordinarily placid—even apathetic—citizens must surely have been provoked, at bottom, by racial fears and racial hatred.

But Irene McCabe and her NAG troopers loudly disagreed: one by one, as the ragged line of marchers inched its way toward the roadside restaurant which would be our lunch stop, they insisted that the anti-busing movement had nothing against blacks; that the issue was solely one of local autonomy versus state control of the schools; that the anti-busing advocates vigorously supported equal educational opportunity for all. . . . Then, just as we reached the restaurant, there was an interesting development. A long, black limousine pulled into the parking lot, and out stepped Orville Hubbard, the colorful, 300-pound Mayor of suburban Dearborn.

Hubbard had decided to meet the marchers for lunch, he said, in order to publicly demonstrate his wholehearted support for their cause. He was greeted with loud cheers and applause. (Hubbard, who has served as Dearborn's Mayor for more than forty years, built his political machine, at least in part, on his reputation as a diehard segregationist who would use any tactics—including allegedly illegal ones—to keep blacks out of his city of 100,000. He succeeded; for decades, Dearborn, world headquarters of the Ford Motor Company, had not a single black family living within its boundaries.)

Hubbard said a few encouraging words to the marchers and then headed in for lunch. I caught up with him in the lobby of the restaurant; I asked him why he was opposed to busing in order to achieve racial integration of the schools.

"What are these black people kicking about?," Hubbard snorted. "They ought to shut up and stop bitching. They ought to be *grateful*. Hell, if it wasn't for us whites, these black apes would still be over there in Africa eating each other!" The Mayor laughed and went to lunch. I hurried to a telephone. A comment like that, from the Mayor of one of Michigan's largest cities, would surely wind up on the front page. . . .

But the editors at the *Detroit Free Press* refused to run the Hubbard quotes. In addition to being inflammatory, they argued, the Mayor's comments would distort a complicated issue—and thus make impossible a balanced presentation of both sides in the dispute. "Busing is a broad, complex issue," one editor said later, "and there are all kinds of different motivations at work. . . .

"It's not just a question of race."

So here we are, five years after the landmark Supreme Court ruling (*Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg, N.C., Board of Education*) which first authorized forced busing as a means of ending officially imposed racial segregation in the public schools, and the controversy—occasionally accompanied by outbreaks of violence—remains one of the most intensely debated issues in our national life. Each year brings new litigation (there have been four major rulings on busing by the Supreme Court alone in the past five years), new legislation (politicians began milking the controversy the day it was born), and reams

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of new information (sociological, psychological, economic) from experts who, while trying to provide us with answers, usually succeed only in making the questions more complex.

Indeed, if there is anything certain at all about the busing issue, it is that the legal, sociological and moral questions which it raises have become, with the passage of time, excruciatingly complicated. The federal courts, for example, while agreeing that forced busing is an appropriate method for ending illegal segregation in the public schools —the key precedent is still the landmark *Brown* desegregation ruling of 1954— have significantly restricted its scope in recent years. (The Supreme Court ruled in June, for example, that a California judge could not require reassignment of pupils each year in order to keep up with the changing racial make-up of a school district.) After dozens of such rulings —and many of them are still being appealed—at every level of the federal and state judiciary, the legal issues which surround the busing controversy have grown incredibly complex.

Perhaps the most complicated area of all is the one occupied by the busing "experts"—the legions of sociologists, psychologists, school administrators, economists—who, while filling libraries with computer print-outs and massive volumes of statistics, continue to disagree on almost every aspect of the busing issue. Take, for example, this key question: does forced busing of minority children from inner-city schools to (presumably) better schools in the more affluent suburbs actually result in a better education for the minority children? Yes, say the experts. Reading levels, verbal skills, etc., improve dramatically when inner-city kids attend suburban schools. No, say the experts. The minority children who ride the bus score no better on tests than do the ones who remain behind. (In addition, as two California professors who studied a ten-year busing program in their state point out, the minority children often suffer acute anxiety and self-doubt when they change schools.)

The busing issue has spawned a thousand questions of this kind (one of the most interesting ones, by the way, is whether or not black parents, who supposedly stand to benefit from the experiment, want any part of it— the Congress of Racial Equality suggests that they don't, that "separate" educational facilities can, and should, be equal), questions for which there can be, finally, no certain answers. But the problem of educational inequality remains, and one statistic which is *not* disputed is the one which shows spending levels in suburban schools to be, on average, 30 per cent higher than those in city schools; we are clearly faced, in the busing issue, with a question of social justice.

Is there another approach to the problem?

Thomas J. Cottle, a sociologist who has written seven books on social themes, may have found one. His book, *Busing*, offers a new perspective on the issue. It is an attempt to discover, in the personal backgrounds and life experiences of seven ordinary people (all of them affected in one way or another by the busing controversy) the crucial influences which have shaped their attitudes toward busing, education and racial justice.

Cottle borrows his technique from novelists; each of his seven vignettes combines a fast-paced narrative with a continuing, often highly emotional, dialogue. As a result, we learn about the life history of his subjects (their names have been changed) even as we hear them discussing, usually at great length, their own opinions on the busing dispute.

Take Ray Herman, for example. He grew up in the grimy, coal-mining country of Pennsylvania; when he was 11, his father—like a thousand coal miners before him—died in an underground explosion. Ray swore he would escape from the mines; he would never spend a day underground. And he made good on his pledge. Today Ray Herman is an administrator and physical education instructor in an elementary school. He's also a fierce opponent of forced busing —and when he talks about the issue you can hear the resentment he has always felt toward the people who run things, the people with power over him, the same people, he contends, who ran the mine which killed his father.

> There's a lot of my childhood tied up in this busing thing, I'll tell you. I can't help but think of all the people in the world being bullied, pushed around. I'll tell you now the same words I heard my father tell my mother. . . . He said it all. Some people are born to work in the mines, do rotten jobs, die young. Other people are born to make sure that those people keep doing those rotten jobs and die young.
>
> Everybody's up in arms about busing. They got a right to be. . . . I see school buses rolling in, I see these kids, black and white coming into this school, any school, really, doesn't make a difference, I tell myself, here come the little miners. Here come the little miners thinking life's really going to be different for them now. . . ."

What Thomas Cottle has done, in short, is to show us how Ray Herman's life history has shaped his attitude toward busing. The other interviews, with teachers, schoolchildren and parents, both black and white, work in the same way—they make it compellingly clear that the intensely emotional responses which are so often evoked by the busing issue emerge, in the final analysis, from deep inside, from those mysterious inner spaces where each of us must decide what to make of past experience. They are *individual* responses, according to Cottle, and they depend to some extent on individual personalities.

Where does this leave us? Back where we started, it would seem at first —back with Irene McCabe, the National Action Group, and all the others who keep insisting that the busing issue has nothing to do with race. Ray Herman, after all, bitterly opposes busing— would anyone call him a racist?

But he is. And so are the others. Why? Precisely because they refuse to look past the debate; because they will not permit themselves to *feel* any anguish but their own. Listen, by contrast, to Annie London, a 32-year-old black schoolteacher who favors busing as she tells Cottle about the forced bus ride she took from Helena, Ark. to the ghettos of Philadelphia—in order to keep from starving:

> All those scientific types going around trying to test the ill-effects of taking a child from out of his neighborhood and putting him in a school a few miles away. That's what they're worried about? Worried about it to where they'll go and kill someone to stop it? Well, those folks don't know what change really is, or what busing really is. Busing isn't taking a kid out of his neighborhood and sending him off to a school a few miles away. Busing is taking a little girl from Helena, Arkansas, and sending her all the way to Philadelphia. *That's* busing. *Oh my word, that's busing. All the* way across the country, now *that's* what you call busing for desegregation.
>
> Talk about people being moved around in this country, thinking black children and white children going to hurt themselves, or mess up their minds just 'cause they're going to have to bounce a little on some old bus. Folks should have studied *me* coming up on the bus from Shreveport that one time with Justy. Oh my God was that some trip. Everybody so worried about people hurting people's minds by putting 'em in class with some black children. *Only thing that hurts your* mind is not having a job, not having food, not having the slightest chance under God of finding neither. *That*

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hurts your mind. *That's* going to cripple you, cripple you when you don't even know you're being crippled.

Cottle's book is important because it lifts the busing dispute out of the realm of sociology; these dialogues and monologues make us feel the problem, instead of intellectualizing it. They persuade us that what matters is how people feel. And that is why Orville Hubbard, the Mayor of Dearborn who talked about "Black apes eating each other" back in the spring of 1972, should have been quoted on the front page.

So that everybody could have seen how he felt, and so that feeling can be part of our dialogue on race. □

Fiction and Mock Fact

THE ORANGING OF AMERICA: And Other Stories. *By Max Apple. Grossman Publishers. 152 pp. $7.95.*

CAROLE COOK

f fiction and poetry, those vestiges of he mythic mind, are endangered species, t is probably because they are not conidered, in a verifiable sense, "real": not ubstantial enough, not serious enough, nconsequential. They, and their kind of ruth, are being pre-empted by the facts, vhich are, as any nonfiction reader will e happy to tell you at the drop of a at, *stranger* and *more interesting* than iction.

But perhaps because the worm must urn, the writers of fiction have decided o invade the previously undisputed teritory of fact. They're mucking around vith history. The most blatant tresasser is E.L. Doctorow. Reviewers of *Ragtime* were somewhat unsure as to vhat was invented and what borrowed, nd one can foresee a similar, if less pectacular, response to Robert Coover's orthcoming fictionalization, *The Public Burning of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg,* ubtitled "A Historical Romance." (One s reminded here that following the pubication of *The Book of Daniel,* the Rosenberg story according to Doctorow, he sons of the Rosenbergs felt it necesary to set the facts straight with a book f their own.)

In the case of *Ragtime,* it's reasonble to hypothesize that the historical lement contributed to the book's pheomenal commercial success, but the ovelist has reasons more respectable han profit for taking the facts into his wn hands. Here is Coover's rationale: . . . only for the egoist and the dogmatist (and maybe they're one and the ame, though I'm thinking of different riends of mine) is there one 'history' nly. The rest of us suffer from the uspicion that there are as many different histories as there are people and maybe a few more—out here in the flood, after all, what configurations can we *not* imagine?" And in *The Oranging of America,* Max Apple restructures the personal atoms of quite a number of contemporary figures with the following disclaimer serving as a quiet preface: "Where I have used real names or what seem to be physical descriptions of real people, it is done purely in the interest of fiction. In any serious sense any similarities between these stories and the real lives of any person living or dead are unintended and coincidental." This is a slightly queer way of saying that factuality actually promotes fiction, perhaps by making the stories *more* fictional.

A similar disclaimer by the editors was appended to the title story when it first appeared in *American Review 19* in January of 1974, presumably to deflect any ill feelings on the part of the historical counterpart to the story's hero, one Howard Johnson. The real names used elsewhere in the book, Norman Mailer, Fidel Castro, Gerald Ford and an assortment of sports, literary and TV figures belong to people less likely to employ legal staff with nothing better than libel actions on their minds. In two instances, however, "real names" have undergone slight metamorphoses: Velikovsky has become Kefirovsky (his new crank theory has to do with yogurt . . .), and the TV host of *Let's Make a Deal* has become Les Love, while his show has become *Trade or Betrayed.* Lighthearted satire, need we say, is the prevailing spirit of the stories, an effect achieved largely through Apple's wedding of nonfictional elements (real names, real places, brand-name identifications, etc.) with the fantastical.

Commenting on a remark of Gorki's "that everything unusual and phantastical, however far from the truth it might be, appeals to people much more than serious stories of actual life," Robert Coover asks if that might not be because "in the end, the 'phantastical' stories are easier to believe." Whether or not that is an accurate analysis for the readers of Gorki's day, for the contemporaries of Max Apple, who grew up not being able to believe what they read in the newspapers, it is a concise definition of world outlook.

The historical era that Max Apple has paced out for his book begins with the so-called "Greening of America" era, circa 1970—to which his title so obviously refers—and runs to the inauguration of Gerald Ford, chronicled here in "Patty-Cake, Patty-Cake . . . A Memoir." The student uprising is over; American society is edging back toward pragmatic materialism with a confused, if heightened, social consciousness. By now, illusion, unreality, hallucination have all become permanent states of mind in America. Bombarded by advertising and media fantasies, political lies and half-truths, mind-altering drugs, quasi-religious cults and occult heresies, one has quite a job of it to sort out the facts, and so deceived on every front, one is indeed compelled to imagine history.

Howard Johnson, depicted here as a sort of latter-day Ben Franklin, has branched out from his modest beginnings in ice cream to an ambitious campaign to carpet the continent with orange-roofed motels. He is about to meet the greatest challenge in a career of creating needs by opening a Disneyworld in a motel-less desert. "Patty-Cake" is the fictional memoir of a boyhood "nigger sidekick" of Ford—here disguised as "G.R."—who is summoned from Michigan to fry up a batch of the President's favorite doughnuts on his inauguration day as a special honor and favor. The story chronicles G.R.'s endearing naïveté and a "color blindness" never contested, rather warmly appreciated, by his Negro friend.

A fair parody, called "Inside Norman Mailer," pits Apple himself against that literary heavyweight in a sparring match in the Astrodome. It's not the best of the collection—there are a few here we'll see reprinted till we're good and sick of them—even though it maintains the punch-jab rhythm that's Apple's greatest commercial strength. But it's interesting because, while it mythifies Mailer, describes him physically, imitates his style, obliquely re-creates his career, it also takes us inside the character named Max Apple. And this, too, turns out to be a story about ambition and the American obsession with the idea of success. It presents the literary endeavor as a competition with prizes to be won through pen-to-pen combat with other writers: "Round by round I wear the laurel and the bay. Who thought I could even last the first? Five

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will get me tenure, seven and I'll be a dean. . . ." The moral is that Americans have no souls, having long ago exchanged them for rather small messes of pottage. One of the standard defenses of fictionalizing history is that if it isn't true, then it ought to be. Here we might say that if it is true, it ought to be suppressed.

Borrowed historicity can give the appearance of meaning, but it seems to be a double-edged sword: a man dressing up to look like Fidel Castro is either a personification or an impersonation, a magic *Doppelgänger* or an arrant fraud. In this book, the addition of real people often functions like the flavor enhancers the supermarket people put into packaged foods. The world of Max Apple does have its fascinations; the writer has talent to burn, but his facility for playing cultural references off against each other approaches slickness. His stories are as entertaining and rapid-fire as the media they seek to satirize have taught us to expect, but they're also lacking in critical perspective. Apple seems too absorbed in recording the culture as it dreams itself.

His disclaimer reads: "In any serious sense any similarities between these stories and the real lives of any person living or dead are unintended and coincidental." We know what he means: it has to do with libel. All the same, he should have been serious. "Safe" fiction really is, as our hypothetical nonfiction reader, that prosaic mind, says, frivolous and inconsequential.

The pleasure that we take in *The Oranging of America* is due to our familiarity with its kitsch artifacts—our self-deprecating recognition of mid-cult America. We are being asked to enjoy our mediocrity as a culture and to use our well-informed prejudices about fast food, weekly news magazines, tract housing, daytime television and so forth to congratulate ourselves on not being "them." This kind of knee-jerk snobbery is intrinsic to Apple's humor. The warmth of superiority suffuses the reader who "gets" these only too gettable vignettes about life in the 1970s. One is not angry, or provoked, or confused, or awed. One is not curious, not stimulated; one *is* totally self-satisfied, content with the status quo, with this young author, with his portrait of our nation as a faddish, foolish, clumsy adolescent who will nonetheless straighten out eventually and gt a gd jb w mr py. But this young writer has borrowed too liberally from our history. He hasn't thought very long or very hard about the binding obligation of the creative writer to pay back —with interest—into our collective fund. □

The Assassin of an Era

IN THESE GREAT TIMES: A Karl Kraus Reader. *Edited by Harry Zohn. With translations by Joseph Fabry, Max Knight, Karl F. Ross and Harry Zohn. Engendra Press. 264 pp. $17.50.*

HALF-TRUTHS & ONE-AND-A-HALF TRUTHS: Selected Aphorisms. *Edited and translated by Harry Zohn. Engendra Press. 128 pp. $8.50.*

MAX SPALTER

Karl Kraus seems to have been quite prescient when he suggested that his writing would not be internationally appreciated until the events that had inspired it had become part of mankind's distant past. At the moment, his work retains its topical significance, a timeliness that Harry Zohn says prompted him in part to edit *In These Great Times,* a reader offering selections of Kraus's prose and poetry, and a greatly abridged version of his play *The Last Days of Mankind.* Perhaps this reader, along with the collection of Kraus's aphorisms in *Half-Truths & One-and-a-Half Truths,* will obtain for Kraus the kind of respect which the American intellectual community has long extended to such Germanic figures as Mann, Kafka and Hesse. In Europe, his importance has finally been acknowledged by the country he so viciously satirized: Austria recently issued a stamp in his honor. The list of Kraus's admirers reads like a roll call of those persons who dominated the intellectual life of Europe between the wars. When he died in 1936, Bertolt Brecht eulogized him as the hand by which an entire age had put an end to its existence.

In These Great Times draws its prose ultimately from the pages of *Die Fackel,* the journal which Kraus began issuing in 1899 after turning down an offer to place his talents at the disposal of *Die Neue Freie Presse,* sometimes ironically called *The New York Times* of the Austrian Empire. This prose illustrates the idiosyncratic style Kraus cultivated. By persistently stripping platitudes of the aura they had in common usage, Kraus etches the portrait of an age foredoomed by its glibness—an age that Kraus said had left man with three basic freedoms: to hold opinions devoid of intellect; to enjoy entertainment devoid of art; and to participate in orgies devoid of love.

"These great times" became the subject of Kraus's *magnum opus, The Last Days of Mankind,* which he completed in 1922. There is nothing in dramatic literature that approximates this immense play. In 800 pages Kraus depicts the collapse of an entire culture. Moving through every stratum of society, he records the sounds a world makes as it literally talks its way to perdition. It is a play that taught Brecht a great deal, and it is still teaching much to dramatists working in the documentary mode. The version Zohn has included in his reader was translated by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry, and comes to about 100 pages. It is a fine translation and strikes me as particularly inspired in those scenes where Kraus tries to capture the hopeless vulgarity of the Viennese man in the street. While the rhetorical scenes have been radically shortened nothing has been taken out of context, and so there are none of the distortions of meaning and emphasis that mar the only other translation of the play in English.

Pre-war Austria was depicted in nostalgic terms by Stefan Zweig, who died lamenting the disappearance of the world which was blown to bits at Sarajevo. No such feeling is discernible in the prose pieces Zohn has selected from Kraus's early writings. Kraus found little to like in a society that he asserted was bent on destroying any composer who did not model himself after Brahms. In addition, the sexual hypocrisies that footnoted the Austrian penal code galled Kraus no end, and he pointed out sardonically in pieces like "The Good Conduct Medal" that the only "whore" in Austria was its male-dominated judicial system. In "The World of Posters," Kraus shows Austrian capitalists so intent on profits through advertising that they would not stop at plastering the walls of Vienna's streets with posters screaming: "Be Your Own Murderer!" in order to promote the sale of guns. In short, Kraus portrayed Austrian society as a mindless mass controlled by those whose mission it was to convince the common man that he lived in an age whose myth of progress he should never question. Kraus denounced that myth, declaring that "Progress celebrates Pyrrhic victories over nature. Progress makes purses out of human skin."

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Furthermore, he took no pride in Vienna as the birthplace of psychoanalysis, as is clear by some striking aphorisms in *Half-Truths & One-and-a-Half Truths*—e.g., "They pick our dreams as if they were our pockets." "So-called psychoanalysis is the occupation of lustful rationalists who trace everything in the world to sexual causes—with the exception of their occupation." The aphorisms selected by Zohn also shed light on Kraus's literary taste: "Heinrich Heine so loosened the corsets of the German language that today every little salesman can fondle her breasts." "Sentimental irony is a dog that bays at the moon while pissing on graves." As these examples show, Kraus was as intent as Wedekind and Brecht on shocking conventional sensibilities.

Kraus did not believe in a strict separation of the lyric and satiric, and many of his poems—twenty-four of which are bilingually presented in Zohn's reader—are inspired by the same moral didacticism that permeates his prose and drama. "With Stopwatch in Hand" centers on the news that an enemy transport, sunk in the Mediterranean, took exactly forty-three seconds to go down. "Here in This Land" indicts Austria as a land in which ridicule is directed only at those with a passion for truth. As to a possible *Anschluss* with Germany, Kraus declares, "I have not even joined Austria yet." There are also poems on the struggle to love, write and function in a world whose impersonality keeps pressing down upon a sensitive, insular temperament, but I think it is fair to say that Kraus's poetry—with its conventional metrics, its plainly occasional character and pronounced cerebral tone—also reflects the literary values of the age whose passing he so brilliantly chronicled. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

On seeing *Your Arms Too Short To Box with God* (Lyceum Theatre), a musical show "conceived from the Book of Matthew," and directed by Vinnette Carroll with music and lyrics by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant, I found a force in it which it occurred to me to call "tribal." By this I suppose I meant not simply that everyone engaged in the show was black but that its special talents were rooted in a common and close racial experience which had its origin in Africa. I noticed, for example, that I had not seen such dynamism on the stage anywhere before except in *Les Ballets Africains*, where there was a slight admixture of French influence just as there is a much larger contribution of the Southern Baptist tradition in the American company. But underneath there still remains the African earth. The effect is electric, like an infusion of fresh and healthy blood into our debilitated organisms.

All these terms are imprecise, perhaps even misleading. But I can state my reaction to the event in no other way. Certainly I could point out that the choral chanting is rousing; that individual voices, like those of Delores Hall and William Hardy Jr., are extraordinary in their penetrative resonances of dual register; that Hector Jaime Mercado in his Judas Dance is outstanding in training, agility and expressiveness, and that almost all the others are much more than supernumeraries in a brilliant ensemble. But, finally, what made the deepest impression was the race, the tribe, the sense of a whole people: age-old and forever volcanically splendid. It was not the story of Jesus which inspired them; it was they who used Him as a medium to vent their own telluric strength.

I noticed that some of the numbers of both song and dance went on longer than one expected them to. That was because no normal measure could contain all the energy to be expended once it had been released. The same is true of the show as a whole: first there is the story of the Passion, and when that has been told, the company proceeds to Gospel singing all its own. William Schroder's wooden set is very simple and efficient and his costumes for the Biblical portion of the show are an admirable combination of Greek, Egyptian, African motifs. Talley Beatty's choreography too is excellent, partly because one senses that he allowed his solo dancers freedom to invent and improvise. All in all a great evening to which the audience (a good part of it black) contributes its corresponding echo of joyous affirmation.

If in the foregoing I spoke rather hesitantly of "tribe" it was because I was also thinking of the revival of *Fiddler on the Roof* at the Winter Garden. The reference there would be to Jewish people. But in this instance the analogy becomes even more ambiguous than in the earlier one. For while the origin of *Fiddler on the Roof* is in the short stories of Sholom Aleichem, whose work epitomizes the life of the Jewish ghettos of czarist Russia, many Jews have not even an ancestral memory of that time and place. More important, *Fiddler*'s writers and actors, and especially its audience, are much more generically "Broadway" than they are related to the *shtetl* of which Sholom Aleichem was the laureate.

The result is a paradox. Highly skillful technically, *Fiddler on the Roof* is not really a "Jewish show," though composed of Jewish ingredients. The Jews are truly a dispersed people and in their dispersion they have played an important role in many cultures, where they were in sufficient numbers not to be entirely absorbed. (The absorption is impeded by anti-Semitism.) It is no secret that the theatre of America —of which "Broadway" is the representative name—has been indelibly stamped by the Jewish personality. This does not make it (the theatre) any less American but rather more so! For this reason *Fiddler on the Roof*, which *Variety* predicted would have little appeal for the general audience, has for years been a tremendous success all over the country. Indeed, its success has been worldwide. In Japan the actor playing Tevye, the story's central character, asked an American lady who came to congratulate him on his performance, "Do they understand this kind of play in New York?"

People familiar with the original stories find it crude, if not vulgar, compared to the innocence, modesty and innately religious vein of Sholom Aleichem's creation. In reviewing the play in 1964, I declared myself "cool" to it. But I could not deny its effectiveness, which had only a little to do with the popularity of Zero Mostel, the fine settings of Boris Aronson, the clever direction and choreography of Jerome Robbins, the book by Joseph Stein, the music by Jerry Bock, the lyrics by Sheldon Harnick—all, I repeat, most adept. It owed its success to what seeped through the enormous Broadway musical apparatus from the remainder of Sholom Aleichem's essence.

It preserves some of the poetry which emanates from a tale of a community of poor, harassed, pious, frequently disputatious, always decent people bound by *love* and a sense of a common destiny. They are "little" people who live in small ramshackle houses, in a tiny town. *They* are not dispersed: theirs is an organic life. Thus they are legendary to us; we, whoever we are, who live in a big, noisy world, separate from one another, with no binding faith, with no humane ideal to shape our daily behavior, and sick unto death for lack of warm connection or tie with one another. We also see, and this too is part of the underlying pathos, that these people are

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uprooted—worse still, that their tradition is bit by bit breaking down in the sweep of modern civilization's destructive progress. That is what has made *Fiddler universally* popular. The great audiences everywhere yearn for a little of that sweetness which has been distilled from the Yiddish language genius.

Zero Mostel still plays Tevye with the ebullient grotesquerie and stage shrewdness of which he is the master, but the part has been played with equal success by many others with quite different qualities, and the production with a generally good cast is still very much the same as we saw thirteen years ago. It is now announced as a limited engagement; the price of seats is high, the house will be packed. Once more it will be a smash.

Happy New Year! □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

Life is too short for one to become a jazz virtuoso on the soprano saxophone. That's the way I felt as a boy amateur when I was wrestling with the instrument, and that's the way most professional reed players have felt throughout jazz history. The horn, curved or straight, is hard to keep in tune. In most hands, its tone tends to be vexatious; and besides, if you really want to swing out, why not take the sensible route and play the tenor or the alto? There have been a few masters of the soprano. Sidney Bechet somehow made it sound full to bursting and swung so hard on it that he made trumpets and trombones in the front line alongside him seem diffident. Another player who transmuted the soprano sax into a soaring, multicolored force was John Coltrane. For the most part, however, the soprano has remained a prickly jazz curiosity.

Yet, in one of those surprises that continually enliven jazz listening, a new album consists of not just one but two soprano saxophonists backed by a rhythm section. The odds against this being a bearable experience are about as high as if two jazz improvisers on the bagpipes took over a whole set. The result, however, is as thoroughly satisfying a jazz event as is likely to be released before the summer solstice.

This glowing, modest phenomenon, *Soprano Summit in Concert* (Concord Jazz, P.O. Box 845, Concord, Calif., and available in some record stores) is the work of Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern. They are musical deviants in other ways besides their passion for the usually refractory soprano. Back in the late 1940s, rather than following their generation and succumbing to such pied pipers of modern jazz as Charlie Parker, they stayed behind as disciples of the moon-faced New Orleans classicist Sidney Bechet and gradually became expert on various reeds in a wide range of traditional and then more advanced jazz dialects. And they have preferred melodic improvisation (rather than abstract divination) and the kind of flowing, grooving beat which, while not modish any longer, is one of the more deeply relaxing experiences of the Western world.

Flow is the key to the continuous pleasures of *Soprano Summit*—Wilber and Davern play with a fullness and warmth of singing tone that exactly complement their fluidity of ideas and time; and they are accompanied by a trio which also rides with buoyant assurance on what one elderly jazzman used to call "the rhythm waves." Drummer Jake Hanna, guitarist Marty Grosz, and in particular bassist Ray Brown (most jazz players' first choice for a rhythm section), also perform with unbridled delight in mainstream jazz improvising. Among the composers represented are Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Wilber himself, who has written, and plays, a tribute to Johnny Hodges (*The Golden Rooster*) which is true to that one-time soprano saxophonist in spirit, in sound, and in quite magical sensuality. Another track, worth the whole price of the album, as street pitchmen say, is Kenny Davern's regeneration of *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*

Another jazz classicist, better known than Wilber and Davern, and largely an expatriate in recent years, is Bud Freeman whose history in the music goes back to the rambunctious rise of "Chicago jazz" in the 1920s. Freeman, a tenor saxophonist, has through the years managed to look younger, enjoy himself more while paying less dues, and sound more bracing than most of his contemporaries. The act of creating music is as exhilarating to him now as it was at Austin High half a century ago. As he told Studs Terkel in *Working*, he did indeed find his true vocation.

In *Buck & Bud* (Flying Dutchman/RCA), Freeman is accompanied only by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, a musician who, in addition to his formidable though subtle technical prowess, is an exceptionally sensitive *listener*. (It's surprising, Duke Ellington used to say, how many musicians forget to listen.) The tunes are in keeping with Bud Freeman's incurable romanticism and urbanity—*You Took Advantage of Me, Exactly Like You, Just One of Those Things*, etc. And Freeman's playing, like Wilber's and Davern's, has that classical jazz flow composed of an intimacy with melody and a love of how it feels to make time pulsate.

Freeman, moreover, plays with an impregnably cheerful lyricism (though he can also stomp some) that has long made his way of improvising one of the wonders of the jazz scene. Nothing gets him down. He simply refuses to be a stricken jazz legend. □

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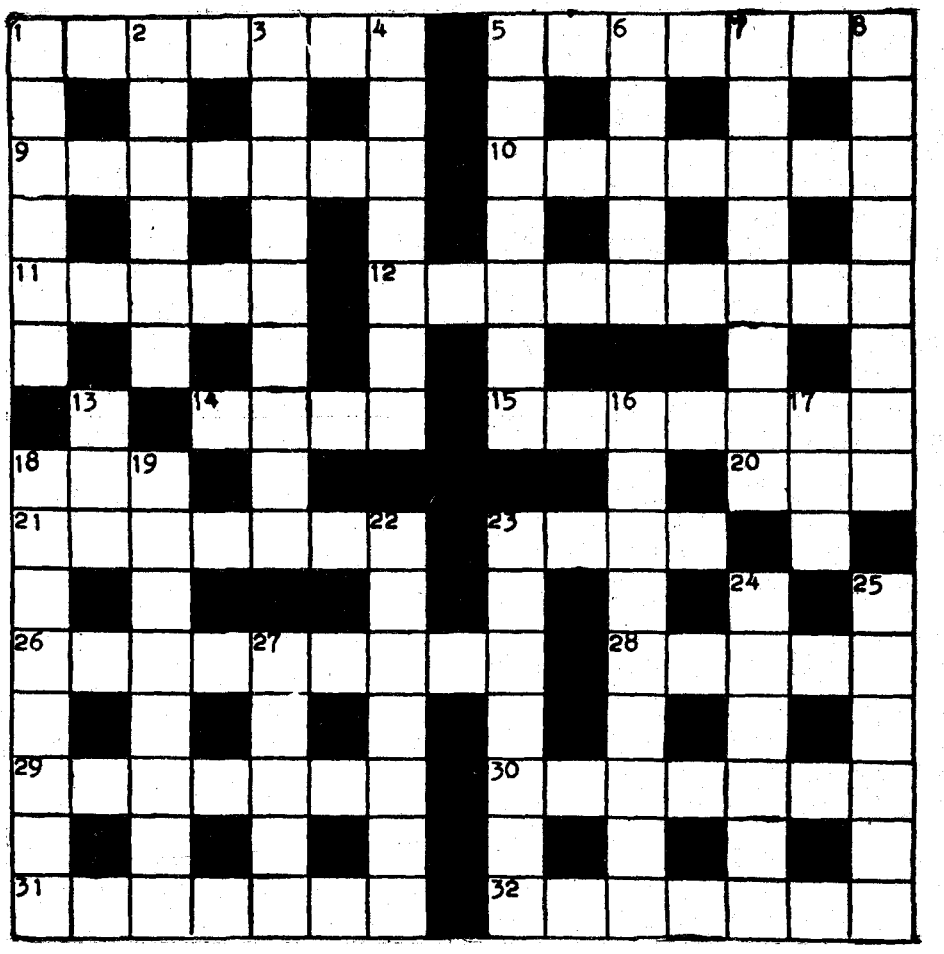
ACROSS: 1 Sanguine; 5 Affair; 11 Rhombic; 12 Owlet; 13 Unnatural; 14 and 27 Spellbound; 16, 10 and 28 The Merry Wives of Windsor; 19 Headache; 22 Upset; 24 Right face; 26 Ember; 29 Tribute; 30 Layman; 31 Bromides. DOWN: 1 Sawhorse; 2 and 9 Navel oranges; 3 Unsettled; 4 No-fault; 6 Flout; 7 Ambergris; 8 Recall; 15 Emergency; 17 Ecumenism; 18 Starters; 20 Chairs; 21 Elector; 23 Trowel; 25 Tesla.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1662

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It might have been carried by Che, when last seen around it during the revolution. (7)
5 It's one to a hundred between the North and South extremes someone cleans up the joint this way. (7)
9 Prolonged obeisance, considered the ultimate weapon at one time. (4,3)
10 Concerning the code of conduct, perhaps, when you're sorry? (7)
11 It makes a person leave fruit altogether. (5)
12 Colors perhaps part of 23 down with 30. (5,4)
14 See 18 across
15 One quarter sort of ran off, being yellow. (7)
18 14 and 18 down What happens when cement gets mixed with the garden fertilizer? (3,4,8)
20 Limp with one, and you'll not want it in turn on your stomach. (3)
21 Has on an unusual combination, implying some praise is due. (7)
23 See 2 down
26 Lived together, as is a custom in a somewhat dated school-girl. (9)
28 See 8 down
29 Otherwise Longshanks. (6,1)
30 See 23 down
31 Is this Adirondack section smoother? (7)
32 Possible movement of the 23 down forces. (7)

DOWN

1 Not all around Mr. Capone found such a famous dancer. (6)
2 and 23 across Possibly used by a would-be pitcher. (6,4)
3 Not quite all Nob Hill has trouble when the sailor comes in with something to frighten you. (9)
4 Certainly not court dress, it should be decided. (7)
5 Equal status draws those of the first or second part in 4. (7)
6 Melon-bearing fruit? (5)
7 Suggests crude songs of the pirates. (8)
8 and 28 Old-fashioned audio circuits? (8,5)
13 Is this coming to a stop sign? (Which person are you asking?) (3)
16 A word of warning on a small portion as a sample of what might be expected. (9)
17 Ground to a meal, possibly. (3)
19 Avoided what some did with tobacco seed scattered around. (8)
22 Nail not uncommonly found with an insect. (3,4)
23 and 30 across But it wasn't banking that possibly made the difference at Gettysburg! (7,7)
24 Where Monrovia is capital, without capital would be just another old place. (6)
25 Doesn't make a place different? (6)
27 One might sound all like one capable of making you yawn. (5)

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